THE BYSTANDER
Vol. CXVI.—No. 1507

NOVEMBER 2, 1932

Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper

The BYSTANDER

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The Bystander, November 2, 1932

No. 1507. Vol. CXVI.

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Bassano

MISS ULRICA THYNNE

A new portrait of Miss Ulrica Thynne, the only daughter of Colonel Ulric Thynne, D.S.O., and a grand-daughter of the late Lord Henry Frederick Thynne, P.C., who was an uncle of the present Marquess of Bath. Miss Thynne is a Melton Mowbray regular during the winter, and one of its shining lights, socially, as well as in the hunting-field

The Distaff Side of Sport

Lady Mary St. Clair-Erskine appeared as one of the competitors at Lord Leconfield's Hunter Trials at Wisborough Green

Miss Joan Page, Sir Arthur Page's daughter, and Miss Sale Barker at Heston, just before they set off in a Gipsy Moth to fly to the Cape. They are not trying to create or break any records, and the R.A.F. will escort them across the Sudanese Desert

Below: Miss Wyatt, who was competing, and Lady Leconfield watch one of the events in Lord Leconfield's Hunter Trials together

Below: The Queen's Club Ladies' squash racket team, who defeated the I.S.C. team in the inter-club matches by 3—2: Miss Noel, Miss Blake, Mrs. Strawson, Lady Aberdare, who is the Captain, and Miss McOstrich

Playing Squash for Queen's

Another photograph from Wisborough Green: Miss Peggy Bushman and Miss M. Carr were two more who watched the Hunter Trials

Left: Lady Jones and her children, Lawrian and Timothy, go riding from North End House, their home near Rottingdean. Lady Jones is the wife of Sir Roderick Jones, K.B.E., who succeeded to the control of the world-wide Reuter organisation as Chairman on the death of Baron de Reuter in 1915

Jodhpurs for the Family

The Passing Hour

"The Bystander" holds up the Mirror to the Gay World

Paul Tanqueray

The Hon. Mrs. Ian Campbell

Mrs. Campbell is the only daughter of Lord Beaverbrook, and married Mr. Ian Campbell in 1927. Her husband is heir-presumptive to the Duke of Argyll

THE result of the Cambridgeshire must have cost the restaurants hundreds of pounds on Wednesday, which was extension night, too, at Ciro's, Quaglino's, and the Café de Paris. The wretched result cast an almost paralytic gloom on people. Sitting at a sofa table at Ciro's, with a restrained beam on his ascetic features, was Mr. Arthur Bendir. He must have found it hard not to burst out laughing aloud. Lord Westmorland and Miss Sammutt were in his party.

MR. CECIL LATTA was unlucky. He had a thousand pounds to two on the double of Nitsichin and Beneficial to win, and sixty pounds to two with Beneficial for a place. I did not meet a soul who backed Pullover, but I met a lot of people who had been confidently tipped by Michael Beary to back *his* mount. If only Steve Donoghue had told us at the Rajpipla party to back Ada Dear for a place, things would not have been so bad.

BY the by, the Maharajah is giving a number of invitations to members of the supper crowd to go out and stay with him and shoot tigers in India this winter. Captain and Mrs. Cecil Pim may accept, and Mr. and Mrs. John Bealey think it is possible that they may go too. Captain Jolliffe has accepted long ago.

THE winning of the Founders' Foursomes at Sunningdale by Mr. George Monkland and Ralph Cobbold is a remarkable tribute to the efficacy of a diet of milk and olive oil. Mr. Cobbald was going to be operated on for duodenal trouble in the spring, when he was advised to try dieting himself out of it. He succeeded (although he works at Justerini and Brooks) and his golf has improved about six strokes, to the mortification of his opponents, who thought he would be easy money.

IN the semi-final he sank a chip from off the eighteenth green to keep the match alive against the conquerors of Rex Hartley and the Prince of Wales, and then finished them off with a ten-foot putt for his side's third consecutive birdie at the nineteenth. It was bad luck for him and his partner that there is no longer a selling sweep on this event. Instead of winning £6 10s. each, they would have split the better part of five hundred pounds.

SWINLEY FOREST is in very good condition these days, and the celebrity hunter will always get a quiverful there. Last week, Lord Londonderry and Baron Frankenstein, who look so like each other, were both there, as well as Sir Victor Stanley and Sir Courtauld Thomson. Swinley must be one of the few courses where the Princess Royal is a member, where four-ball matches are not allowed, and where they serve lobster with the Club luncheon.

MAYFAIR saw several of its flock return from the wilds last week. Mr. Bill Astor is back from China with the added nickname of Tinko. He finds that his chief claim to fame is that he has danced with Mrs. Pawley. By the way, have you heard the inevitable Stock Exchange joke about her yet? He describes her as a nice, rather schoolgirlish person. He also says, apropos nothing, that we can all make fortunes if we breed pigs.

HE was one of the smart audience at the first night of *After Dinner*. There were two reasons for its smartness. On the one hand, Sir Hugh Smiley is partially backing the show—some say for £1000 and some say for £5000.

A Farewell Party for the Maharajah of Rajpipla

The host, Mr. Edward Ascer-Eily, who gave the party in his attractive house in Bruton Place, with Marion Harris, who came on from the Café de Paris

Mrs. Edward Alston and Mr. C. V. Buckley dancing the night away; the party started early in the evening and ended early in the morning—not so early, either

The guest of honour, the Mrs. Vivian Symon. What parties that have been

On the other, the four best lyrics have been written by Mr. Rowland Leigh, who is a first cousin of Lord Jersey, the well-known bank clerk of Fleet Street. It takes a relative of the family, or an expert trained in the Debrett offices, to work out the extraordinary complications of this clan—my Lords Leigh, Dunsany, Jersey, Dynevor, and Longford are all cousins and nephews and uncles of one another, with the attendant relationships of Pakenhams, Villiers, Rhyses, and Plunkets.

Another returned wanderer—though he only wandered back for twenty-four hours, to see what he could do about the Cambridgeshire, and then returned to his flat in the Avenue Henri Martin, in Paris—was Mr. Quinney Gilbey. He had rather a distrait air, and his hair seemed bleached as he sat with Mr. Derek Bligh downstairs at the Café de Paris.

Mr. Philip Guedalla

A truly French experience has been that of an American friend of Lady Furness. Two months ago a girl asked him to bring a pedigree puppy for her to Paris by train. He did so, and actually bought four first-class tickets, at a cost of 165 francs each, so as to have the compartment to himself and the puppy. Then the ticket-collector asked for thirty francs for a dog ticket. He pointed out that he had already spent nearly five hundred francs on its transport, but the ticket-collector continued to argue.

At Paris he was not allowed to leave until he had seen the head station-master. He still refused to pay, but had to leave his name and address. Since then he has had a pile of letters and papers about it, and the latest news is that the matter is now in the hands of the Procureur-Général, who tells him that his alternative is a fine of ten thousand francs or imprisonment for six weeks!

Racing at Newbury

The Countess of Essex with Miss Pam Gibson, who is Lady Gibson's daughter, and who, complete with her shooting-stick, waterproof boots and race card, looks the complete regular

The October Meeting was held in worse than October weather, but everyone was dressed for it: Above are Mr. and Lady Sybil Phipps and Mrs. Huntriss

Sasha

Maharajah of Rajpipla, with will London do without the given by and for the Maharajah?

LADY FURNESS'S sister, Mrs. Thaw, whose husband is in the American Diplomatic Service, is shortly being moved from London to Oslo. That will be a great loss to Mayfair. They are a charming couple. Mr. Thaw is keen on boxing, and his spaniel, Napoleon, alas! had a quarrel with Miss Mala Brand's chow in Upper Brook Street the other night.

LORD CASTLEROSSE, whose matrimonial affairs are causing some interest, is now back from Baden-Baden, by way of Paris, where he gave a large and interesting party at Ciro's. The portly Viscount had lost eighteen pounds in ten days (though you would hardly notice it) under the iron rule of Dr. Dengler, whose spies all over Baden-Baden prevent any of his patients making whoopee without detection. You have to go to Strasbourg for that.

SEEN last week: Dick Kindersley in London's loudest check at the Café de Paris; Miss

THURSDAY was a gay day, Lady Poulett and her daughter, Bridget, gave an uncommonly good cocktail party at Grosvenor House, and then, after an interval spent in dressing, dining late at the Embassy. The Adelphi Theatre was crowded to the roof with the Midnight Matinée for *Words and Music*. In the intervals one heard a lot about the leave being stopped for the Army, and how at the Tower, St. James's Palace, and elsewhere, there have to be four Guards' officers on duty instead of the usual two.

PREVIOUSLY there had been all sorts of ridiculous rumours, including one that a helicopter

talks about "Elusive Snarks"

At the inaugural meeting of the resuscitated Oxford University English Club, when Mr. Philip Guedalla gave an amusing address on modern biographies: Miss L. Scott-Snell, Mr. T. O'Brien, Mr. E. Blunden, Mr. R. Rumbold, President of the Club, Mr. D. Walker-Smith, Mr. Guedalla, Mr. E. Scott-Snell, Lady Keeble, and Lord Alfred Douglas

Katherine Horlick receiving congratulations on the long-delayed announcement of her engagement to Mr. Murrough O'Brien; Mr. Stanley Holmes playing golf on his return from the United States; Elizabeth Jenns dancing with a gossip-writer; Rose Bingham hatless at Quaglino's; Elsa Maxwell at the Savoy Grill; Mr. Peter Thursby playing backgammon with Mrs. Euan Wallace.

THE accident to Prince Ali Khan was much more serious than most people imagined, and he was lucky to escape with his life, the bonnet of the overturned car being buried two feet into the ground. At that, he lost four teeth, I am told, and the Aga Khan hurried over from the Continent to see him. Prince Ali received a million pounds on his twenty-first birthday, and it would have been hard luck if he had not lived to spend it.

Dogs and Horses

At the Flatcoated Retriever Field Trials, held near Colchester: Miss Gold and Mrs. Peter Crossman

At the Steeplechase Meeting at Nottingham last week: Miss Hilary Hanson talking to Miss S. Hodges

In Ireland

Lord and Lady Rossmore photographed at Rossmore Castle, Co. Monaghan. Lady Rossmore, who married Lord Rossmore in 1927, is the daughter of Lt.-Col. Alban Wilson, D.S.O.; they have two children, a son and daughter

was going to hover over Hyde Park with a cargo of tear bombs, in case anyone became obstreperous. One was also told that ten thousand unemployed Welsh miners had collected secretly at Watford—what for, goodness only knows.

ADMITTEDLY, White's looked rather like a branch of Vine Street on Thursday morning. At least twenty members were in the Special Constabulary uniform. Some were privates, others were sergeants, and Lord Tennyson looked magnificent as a Commissioner or something vastly superior. A touch of the unusual was added to Lady Poulett's cocktail party by the presence of two smart young uniformed special constables, and most of the guests had some story of their experiences. Mr. Vivian Cornelius, the husband of the former Lady Northesk, watched things first in the Park, and later from the roof of Grosvenor House. Colonel David Lynch told me that the trouble began at Marble Arch when an East-End Communist threw a soda-water syphon at a constable and cut his head open.

IN conclusion, Miss Averil Streatfeild has returned to the fold, very pretty in one of those nose-length veils. I suspect a romance. I have heard of two that will be soon announced—an Earl's daughter (no names, no pack-drill !) and a Marquis's daughter (also no names, no pack-drill). Both are very pretty and are engaged to two good-looking young men.

L.N.A

Mayfair Mannequins in Manchester

Lady Maureen Stanley, and some of those who acted as mannequins and helped with the cabaret at a charity dance at the Midland Hotel Manchester ; the group includes Mrs. Cardwell, Lady Plunket, Mr. Douglas Byng, Lady Maureen Stanley, and Miss Bunting Stephenson

A. V. Swaebe

The Café Anglais Re-opens

Top left : Miss Anne Trevor and Mr. Peebles, who plays cricket for Middlesex and England, at the re-opening night of the Café Anglais

Above : Another party at the Café Anglais, which has been re-decorated : Lady Curtis Bennett, Sir Noel Curtis Bennett, Lady Eleanor Smith, Captain "Jumbo" Jolliffe, and Lady Lindsay-Hogg

Dorothy Wilding

Mrs. John Bealey

Right : The lovely wife of Mr. John Bealey, the well-known traveller, who has already circled the globe several times. He and his wife are one of the best-looking couples in London

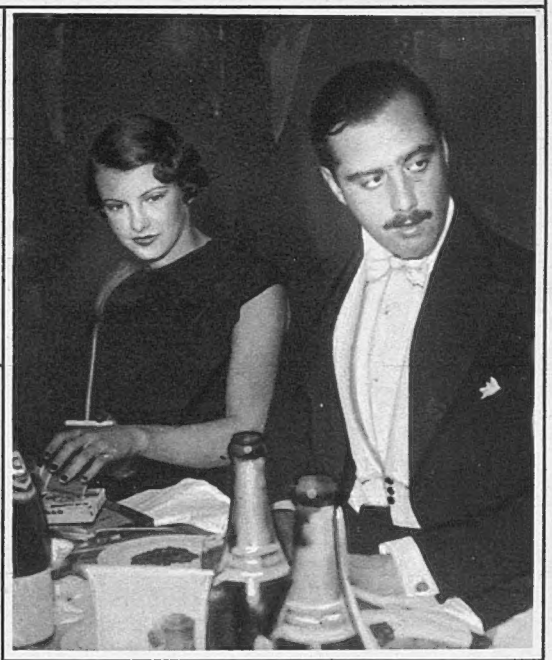
Their "Nights Out"

The Party Spirit Abroad

Left: Arriving at the first night of "After Dinner," at the Gaiety Theatre: Mr. Mark Ogilvy Grant, Miss Nancy Beaton, Miss Patricia Lowry-Corry, and Sir Hugh Smiley

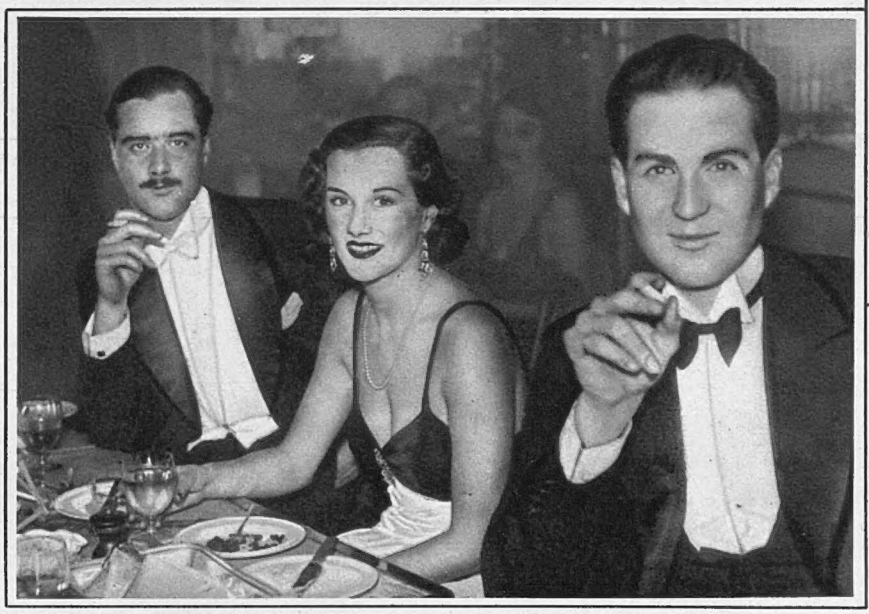
At the Café de Paris last week: Mr. Congden and Sir Charles and Lady Mappin stop to drink and talk before going in to dance and sup.

Above: Another photograph at the Gaiety on the very Mayfair first night of the new revue: Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. James Beck



Photographs by Swaebe and Sasha

Above: Two of the many first-nighters who went on from the Gaiety Theatre to the Gargoyle for supper: The Hon. Edward Ward and Miss Mona Simpson



Left: At the Gargoyle again: The Hon. George Ward, Miss Audrey Simpson, who is one of the cast of "After Dinner," and the Hon. David Tennant

A Racing Reverie

The Cambridgeshire Provides the Blues

By "Regular"

At Newbury

Lady Dorothea Ashley-Cooper and Lady Lettice Ashley-Cooper, the Earl of Shaftesbury's younger daughters, down at Newbury for the October Meeting

SLOWLY, because of the traffic and a skiddy road, and sadly, because we were broke, we turned the Rolls (and how!) in the direction of London, the only consolation being that we hadn't got to go to Newmarket again till next April.

WE Britons take our pleasures very hardly, but after the Cambridgeshire I began to wonder whether standing about in the mud and losing a lot of money I haven't got is quite all it's cracked up to be.

THERE have been plenty of long faces this year. Goodwood, York, and Doncaster didn't make us laugh much, but Cambridgeshire week made anything that has gone before seem like a picnic, and faces reached a length I had never seen before, and hope never to see again.

ONE of the few cheerful-looking people was Mr. Gerald McKenna, but then, of course, Mr. McKenna is a very lucky man.

IN the first place, he has a very charming wife (Lord Inverclyde's sister); secondly, Miss Rose Bingham mistook him for Mr. Charlie Baillie-Hamilton; thirdly, a Dago tried to shoot him at Pourville, but missed the target; and, fourthly, his brother-in-law's second wife, in her reminiscences, refers to him as a born comedian.

WHAT can I say of the Cambridgeshire? I have already said a good deal, but none of it's repeatable. Quite frankly, I'd much sooner say nothing more, but Monday was settling day, and the postman called me early, and I couldn't go to sleep again.

TRY as I may, I can't find anything very merry and bright to say about this, the blackest week in a very black year. The only bright spots I can think of are that I didn't lay the odds on Hill Cat; that Mr. Somerville Tattersall, whose luck has been so exasperating this year, won a race with Inglesant; and that I hit the beast who said he always thought Pullover was a "jumper" very hard; and that it was awfully nice to be back in London when it was all over.

NEWBURY and the jumping meeting at Nottingham were far better fun. There were masses of Seelys at Nottingham, and I particularly noticed Mrs. Jim Seely, who looked simply grand.

SIR HUGH was also there, a very pleasant surprise, as he rarely takes that black hat of his on to our racecourses, for which they are much the poorer.

AT Newbury, where there were quite a lot of smart people and, oddly enough, quite a few made money, Overall helped to pay for a few of the losers we were going to back the *following* week at Newmarket.

BY the way, I've heard of no coincidence-mongers who put their Overall winnings on to Pullover. If anyone, though, had mentioned backing this forlorn outsider for any reason, coincidence or otherwise, one would merely have said: "How frightfully sad for their relations! I wonder if it's hereditary?"

PULLOVER is owned by Mrs. Robinson, who is the same lady who owns Bonny Brighteyes, which was backed by quite a lot of us for the Cesarewitch.

I DON'T wish this lady any harm. I'm sure she's a perfect angel of goodness, and I offer her my most sincere and hearty congratulations; at the same time, I can't help wishing she'd keep her Pullover to herself.

THE best judge I know is "Rattle" Barrett. He vouchsafed two bits of priceless information to me at Nottingham. "My horse, The Ace, will win," said the gallant Major, "and wild horses won't drag me to Newmarket." The Ace won, and you know all about Newmarket.

"YOU ought to have backed Pullover—her father, Twelve Pointer, won the Cambridgeshire," said some exasperating idiot. It doesn't always follow—a lovely we all know, who has recently been divorced, has a dear old father who's a parson!

I ALWAYS like to hear of someone having a stroke of luck, especially if he or she happens to be such a delightful regular and such a good loser as Miss Betty Finlay, who brought off the "Tote" double at Sandown, which paid 70 to 1—thank you very much!

I KNOW she's a good loser, because I gave her six losers at St. Cloud recently, and she still speaks to me. I may say, she's got a bit of her own back by telling a girl friend of mine that the Cambridgeshire rested between Wyvern and Diolite.

THERE are all sorts of rumours going about regarding drastic changes in the Manton stable. It's extraordinary how worked-up people get when an owner thinks of changing his jockey or trainer.

A MAN may sack his butler or cook, and nobody cares two hoots. If, however, the poor mutt plucks up the courage to change either the man who trains his horses or the two-foot-nothing of self-importance who rides them, quite a lot of people carry on as if he'd committed some crime, and cut him dead.

WHY a man should not do what he likes with his own horses I fail to see. Trainers, I admit, have a worrying time very often, but the life of a leading jockey is wondrous pleasant.

I HAVE many friends (probably rather fewer after this article) in the most over-paid profession in the world, and I bear these little men no sort of grudge, except that they never win when I back them, but why there should be any difference between sacking your jockey or your cook I fail to see.

At Nottingham

Nottingham kept some of the regulars busy before the Cambridgeshire: Lady Lettice Cotterell (right) and Lady Ursula Filmer-Sankey (centre) with a friend

Sir Hugh Seely attends at two days' steeplechasing and meets some friends: Mrs. Jocelyn Abel-Smith, Mrs. Wrey, Mrs. James Seely, and Mme. Provatoff

Engaged Couples

The Hon. Pamela Balfour and Mr. Humphrey Scott-Plummer

Miss Balfour and her fiancé were photographed at Hangingshaw, Selkirk, the home of Mrs. Meade, Mr. Scott-Plummer's mother. The Hon. Pamela Balfour is the eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Kinross

Miss Katherine Horlick and Mr. Murrough O'Brien

Miss Katherine Horlick, elder daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. J. N. Horlick, and Mr Murrough O'Brien, announced their engagement last week. Mr. O'Brien is Col the Hon. Murrough O'Brien's elder son, and a cousin of Lord Inchiquin

Left: Viscount Milton and Miss Olive Plunket

A photograph taken in Ireland of Lord Milton and Miss Olive Plunket. Miss Plunket's home is near Dublin, and Lord Milton's father, Earl Fitzwilliam, has a place in Co Wicklow. Their engagement was announced some months ago, and they are to be married in the New Year

Poole, Dublin

At the Theatre

"After Dinner": A Post-Prandial Prescription at the Gaiety

Some twenty authors of various kinds—lyricists, musicians, and sketch-writers—have done their stuff and left it to Lance Lister, one of their number, to bring the ingredients to boiling-point. In the case of revue, that point is reached, from the spectators' point of view, instanter or not at all. One is amused—or not; the turning-point being not altogether unconnected with post-prandial reactions. Indeed, this revue's title is its charter of liberties, inviting the critic to sink into his stall in a complacent aftermath of good food suitably reinforced by a bottle of the best and a six-inch cigar. Seen through this mellow haze, *After Dinner* can hardly fail to register its high spots of gaiety and good humour. Beheld, as it was by me, without the caresses of Cliquot or Corona, signs were not wanting that the right formula was on the verge of being discovered. Only the process still appeared to be in the preliminary stages of trial and error. As a result of this first performance, so liberally attended by our brightest and most be-photographed Young Things, blue pencils will be sharpened and axes liberally wielded.

If any of the lavatorial jests are removed—to blazes with decorum, say we who have wined as well as dined—there is surely sufficient talent among so large an army of authors and so ample a cast to fill the breaches. Melville Cooper, for instance, might be called upon to exercise the functions of a good comedian instead of hiding his lights under a bushel of bits and pieces; and that admirable music-hall pair, Elsa and Billy Newell, would hardly take it amiss if time were found for more than a fragment of their always entertaining mixture of song and wisecrack. Gwen Farrar's parody of the Garbo makes the burlesque of *Grand Hotel* about the best of the programme's twenty-six items: her turn at the piano is a sure thing, with the professional O.K. of the halls visibly stamped upon it. By comparison, some of the other contributions looked suspiciously amateur and untried. Miss Farrar, as the feminine star-presumptive, should be more presuming. She managed to insinuate her 'cello into a Russian night-club in Paris, but otherwise her activities were limited to an occasional appearance with twenty yards of knitting as the Walking Understudy, who set the scenery all no-how for the Finale. This contretemps was righted by Mr. Lister—who ran about with twice the energy of a Jack Hylton lashing his Boys into frenzy—and the stage hands, remarkably few of whom, I noticed, wore bowler hats for the occasion.

This final hustle was a quiet affair compared with its counterpart in Part I. This divertissement was commèred by Betty Frankiss, who adorned the proscenium in a gallant effort to pit Rowland Leigh's lyric, "Step Out," against the symbolic manœuvres of a stair-climbing chorus, while Harry Perritt's most competent orchestra let loose a torrent of cacophony which made ordinary jazz sound like the faint whispering of a butterfly's wing. Noel Coward had the same sort of notion in *Cavalcade*, but this forestalment was not permitted to take the wind out of Mr. Perritt's saxophones.

The thumbnail sketches vary between slapstick and sophistication, but none of the surprise endings displays an abnormal amount of sting-in-the-tail. Lance Lister contributes an amusing all-feminine Assize Court of 1980, with Gwen Farrar in great form as a better judge of a cup of tea than a case. The womanly chat between Her Honour and Counsel, and the final escape of the male delinquent while the entire jury are assisting in the trying-on of the black cap beget much laughter.

Hermione Baddeley's presence in the revels is a signal for several outbursts of Cockney humour, and a slum scene, complete with barrel-organ, policeman, and sentimental ditty. Once, Miss Baddeley, not too well-served, contributes a surprise item by dancing on her toes; Betty Frankiss sings, and Rosalind Wade step-dances with equal gusto. There is a Billiard-Table Ballet which invites the supposition that tall and shapely members of the chorus can be mistaken for balls, instead of belles, by pirouetting round each other and, after prolonged manœuvres, jumping into the pockets; and, of course, the usual comely and quick-stepping chorus, whose footwork is loudly cheered.

If you go to *After Dinner* after dinner, make it a good one. Trinculo.

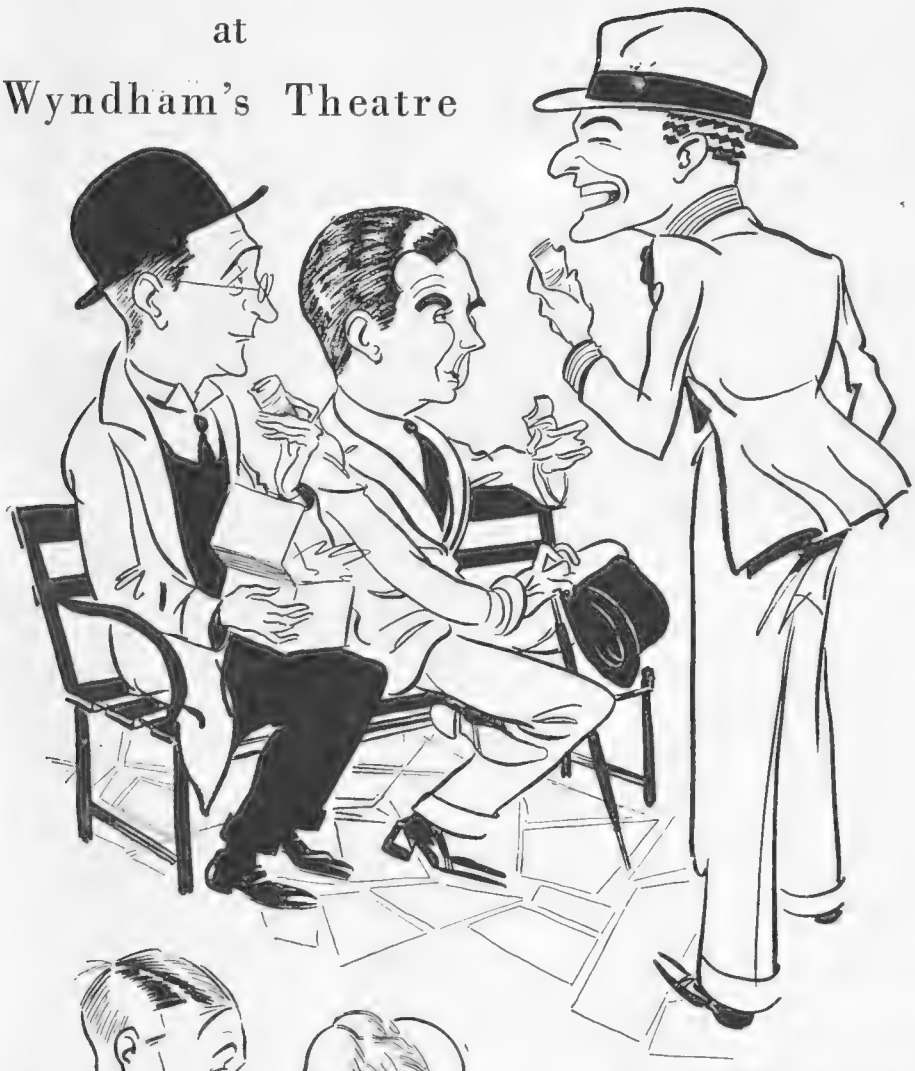
"Children in Uniform"

A scene from Christa Winsloe's brilliant play at the Duchess Theatre, showing the Headmistress (Cathleen Nesbitt) upbraiding Manuela (Jessica Tandy) for confessing her passionate attachment for one of the mistresses

"Service"

at

Wyndham's Theatre



How big business men make important decisions over their al-fresco luncheon. Timothy Benton (J. H. Roberts), Gabriel Service (Leslie Banks), and Michael Service (Jack Hawkins) find food an aid to finance

Why the tailoring department failed. James Fenton (Allan Jeayes) and Mr. Birkinshaw (Stafford Hilliard)

Light relief by Gladys (Daphne Lewis) and the shocked Barker (Edwin Dodds)

After a day at the Races, Caroline (Ann Todd) shows Geoffrey (Tracey Holmes) the only run she obtained for her money

Domestic Bliss at the Service Home. Pleasant little chat between Isobel (Joyce Kennedy) and Caroline (Ann Todd), to the evident enjoyment of Gabriel (Leslie Banks)

Sketches by Rouson

Westminster Whispers

Un-Parliamentary Asides: By "Big Ben"

Lafayette

Brig.-Gen. J. J. H. Nation, C.V.O., D.S.O.

Whose marriage to Mrs. Walter Rubens took place last Saturday. He won East Hull for the Conservatives last year

How antiquated Parliament is in its method of conducting its business! Ottawa has filled the bill almost entirely this last week and the week before, but six days were spent in talking before the actual Agreements came to be discussed at all. The House had to get permission from itself to start work, and it took six days in which to get it. Truly a remarkable performance, considering the whole world was created in seven.

Still, the six days were not without their compensations. The Prime Minister had what is popularly called "a Parliamentary triumph," which means that Members, carried away by their own enthusiasm (and the heat of the Chamber), stood waving their papers and "hear-hearing"; Sir John Simon made a successful come-back, and Mr. Baldwin made a speech which was both humorous and courageous.

The House, as it happens, is now rather bored with Ottawa. The Agreements, in effect, cannot be substantially altered, and however much Members talk, the result in the Lobbies must be the same. The Whips had all their work cut out during the slack hours to keep the debate going at all. It is difficult, when one comes to think of it, to generate wild enthusiasm over the free import into Canada of bagpipes and castor oil. Tariffs are for the experts.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald sits the saddle more comfortably than ever. He is in fighting form, too, which suits him, and his former Socialist colleagues and the Samuelites have had reason to know it. How the Socialists, by the way, hate the P.M.'s success in society! It is the one thing they will never forgive him for—his friendship with those they regard as hereditary enemies.

Witness Major Attlee: "When Ottawa came on, the Prime Minister had already decided that he preferred the 'Londonderry Air' to the 'Red Flag.'" In the old days, that would have been called "hitting below the belt."

I am not certain, though, that Mr. MacDonald's social progress is entirely satisfactory to all the Tories. The open door to him has too often in the past been the closed door to those on whom he now relies. Mr. MacDonald has found his new friends very quickly, and they have not been slow to take advantage of it.

What has happened to Lady Astor and Sir Philip Sassoon? They were the Lady Cunards of politics. One never knew whom one was going to meet in St. James's Square or Park Lane. One was never disappointed, and one was very often surprised. And now they are strangely silent.

Lady Astor has not even been herself in the Commons. She has hardly been heard since the House reassembled. Whenever I think of her, I always think of A. J. Balfour's reply to the suggestion that he should marry Margot Tennant. "I should rather like," said A. J. B., "to have a career of my own."

When you remember all the excitement women created in getting into Parliament, the performance of those who have got in appears pathetic. Countess Markievicz, the first woman to be elected, didn't even bother to turn up, and never took her seat at all. Maybe she was the most sensible of the lot.

Margaret Bondfield has been, I suppose, the most successful. The Duchess of Atholl, who talked herself into the Board of Education, talked herself out again. She is now taking an intense personal interest in Russia. The Five-Year Plan continues.

Jennie Lee, who was the little Socialist M.P. for Lanark, added definitely to the Commons' decoration. Everyone thought last year she was going to marry a young Liberal member. Mr. Maxton was to have given her away—so rumour said. But both fell by the wayside in the General Election. The young Liberal joined the staff of a very anti-Socialist, non-Liberal daily paper; Jennie went to America. Then the young Liberal met a very lovely lady. And so there was no two-Party pact, after all.

Eighteen months ago there was a naughty story of one lady M.P. that she was to be the next Viceroy of India . . . her husband to be Begum.

Bob Boothby, I hear, is to go to America soon. I wish him the best of luck, and everybody else will with me. I felt he couldn't resist for long the temptation to follow in Winston's footsteps.

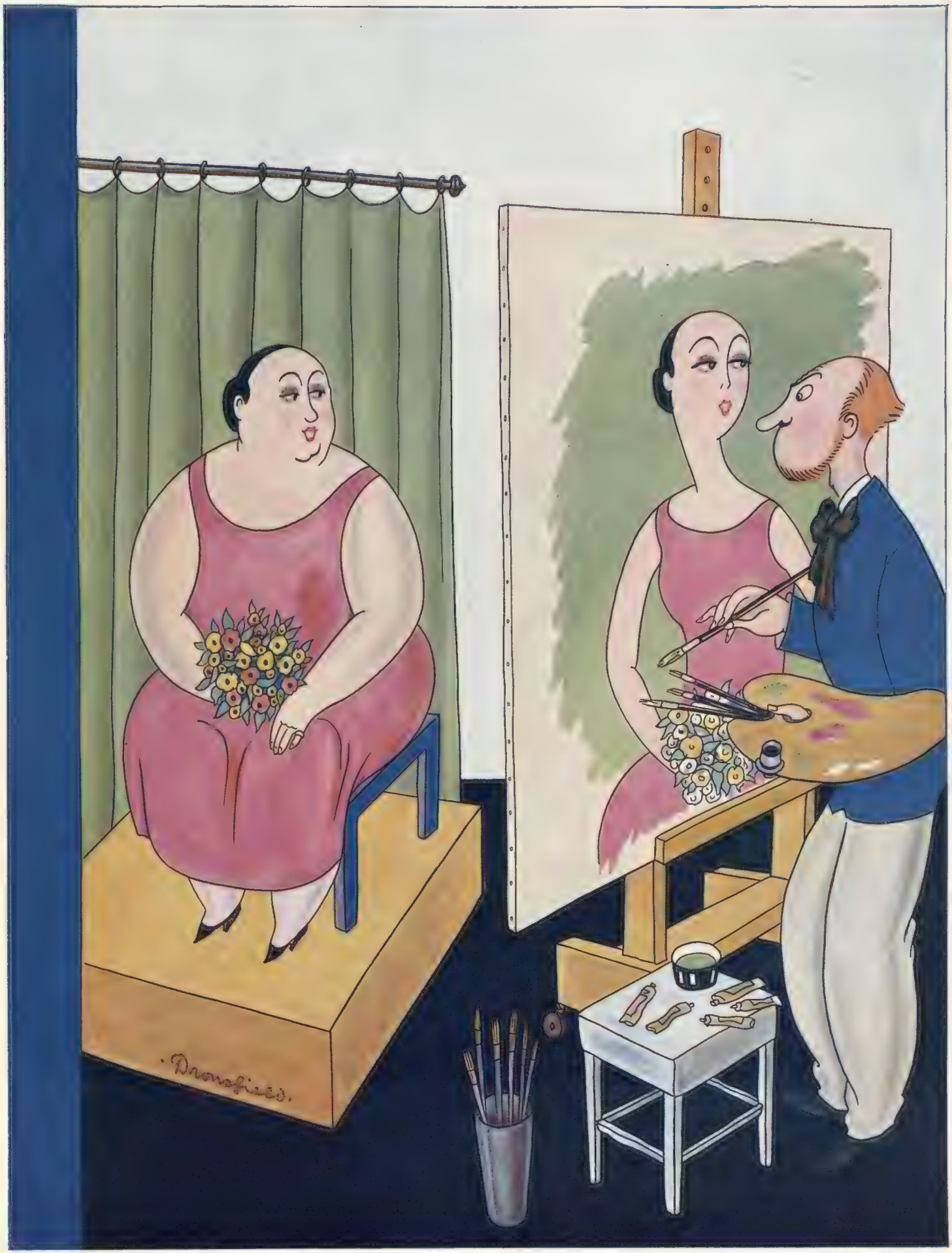
A good many people think Boothby should have been given some office in the present Government. He would have made a success of it. Perhaps he has been too outspoken in the past to have a completely favourable reputation in the quarters that count.

R. A. Butler, the young man of twenty-nine who has become Under-Secretary for India, has caused more comment by his promotion than all the Samuelites' resignations put together. He was Private Secretary to Sir Samuel Hoare, the Secretary of State, so his step up was no more than a step across—the passage.

Having urged the claims of youth for a number of years, some of the chief protagonists are now suffering from severe attacks of deflated ambition. The disease in its most virulent form is usually best cured by a wide distribution of honours over the affected parts.

What are the qualifications for promotion? I asked a Conservative, a Socialist, and a Liberal to give me their opinions. The Conservative said: "Money. To be born a Stanley. To marry a Cecil." The Socialist said: "To be a Trade Union leader for seventy-five years, or to have a clever and attractive wife." The Liberal said: "To change your Party."

L.s.d. is, of course, as essential in politics as in any other occupation, perhaps more so. For example, one of our newest M.P.s pays his local association £1500 a year, a condition of his adoption as candidate. Another is forced to take the local magnate's grouse moor at a profitable rental in order to obtain the necessary patronage. A third holds his seat on the "locum tenens" principle, ready to hand it over when the time comes (presumably for some sort of consideration) to the eldest son of a distinguished Cabinet Minister.



BY DRONSFIELD

CHIVALRY

The Hon. Vanda Vivian

Photograph: Claude Harris; Inset, Edmund Harrington

SISTERS

Viscountess Weymouth and the Hon. Vanda Vivian are two of the most attractive sisters in London; they are the daughters of Lord Vivian. And Lady Weymouth, who married the Marquess of Bath's eldest son in 1927, has a delightful four-year-old daughter, and a son born this year, as well as two proud and handsome Pekes

Hors d'Oeuvres: *By "Caviare"*

MRS. SCOTT CALLINGHAM is rivalling Lady Dashwood's gloves with tulle mittens. In brown, with a self spot, to match a tulle cape, they were very smart. But Lady Dashwood had the very latest gloves of velvet to match her purple dress.

GUALDI, who is deputising for Peter at the Embassy, has definitely taken his place among the great head-waiters of London. He has tact, intelligence, and a very welcoming smile.

MISS DOROTHY HYSON has beautifully shaped arms; Miss Esther Grant has a well-shaped head; Lady Mary Lygon has slim and lovely fingers; Miss Katherine Horlick, who has just got engaged, has a perfect carriage, and her head and neck are worthy of a sculptor. I call this paragraph "Bits and Pieces"!

I'LL say the ostriches must be having a rotten time. Mrs. Claude Leigh is one mass of their green and black feathers, all on heavy black velvet; and in Paris last week I saw hundreds of capes copying Mrs. Reggie Fellowes' white one of tiny ostrich feathers.

THE girls want to say who they would like to spend a month with on a desert island. Mr. Hamish Erskine would complain and be helpless; Lord Donegall would be too busy composing articles to be much practical use; Lord Carlow would be practical and forget to be entertaining; Lord Tennyson would be very entertaining, with intervals of rest. They think Lord Sefton would be "divine."

IS a good-looking much-run-after young man really serious this time? He's known as a tiger.

IS it true that, inspired by Margot, a certain ex-débutante is going to publish all the love letters she has received in the last two years? But wouldn't a certain blonde Married's be better reading?

THE best-looking girl of the week is Miss Katherine Horlick; the best-looking man, Lord Hinchingbrooke; and the best-looking (dancing) couple—Lady Warrender and Lord Londesborough.

THE nicest girl we all know is undoubtedly Miss Diana Coventry. She is always gay, amusing, and good-mannered. The most charming marrieds are Lady Plunket and Lady Scarsdale, both full of personality and charm.

MRS. THURSBY—of course, I mean Poppy Baring—had bright geranium cheeks the other night. I don't think so much rouge is becoming.

IS a very beautiful actress at all worried about her future? At the moment, she is neither fish, fowl, or good fresh herring. Wouldn't a charming and clever young peer like to help her?

LET'S be snobby and talk about important people!—The Duke of Rutland has rather a worried look.

Sasha

Behold, How We Live!

Miss Gertrude Lawrence with her cousin, Mr. Jim Lawrence, enjoying supper after the labours of the night at the St. James's Theatre

The Duke of Sutherland is rather "distrait" at times.
The Duke of Somerset plays threepenny bridge with the same earnestness as if the points were high.
The Duke of Norfolk is rather short.
The Duke of Portland likes stalking better than anything else. In Scotland he goes out in the morning, returns to the house about four o'clock, and goes straight to bed.

I PREDICT that Lady Iris Mountbatten is going to be a beauty when she grows up. She has even better features than her good-looking mother, Lady Carisbrooke, and the most lovely colouring. Lady Louis Mountbatten's daughter, Patricia, is going through the ugly stage of changing her teeth, but she will be pretty, I think, as she has a sweet little face.

I'M tired of write-ups on—
Mrs. Claude Beddington's pearl headdress.
Lady Dashwood's hats.
Lady Mount Temple's "Broadland" parties.
The Bethell children at play.

On the right, and below, two photographs of Mrs. Eddie Baron, taken in her Bryanston Square drawing-room full of objets d'art. In the upper photograph the picture under which she stands is by Harrington Mann. It has never been exhibited

Art and the Home

The most delightful "a-little-olders" are Lady Crewe and Mrs. Percy Bennett.

I RAISE my glass to—
Captain Percy Davis, for trying to murder that Dora woman, and Lieut.-Commander Geoffrey Rodd, for refusing to take an accident seriously.

DOES the blonde dance-hostess like the noble Lord as much as he likes her—er—dancing?

ENGAGED

A Bevy of Brides-to-Be

Left: The Hon. Peggy Cunliffe, who is Lord Cunliffe's youngest sister, is engaged to be married to Captain Bernard de Robeck, M.C., Royal Artillery, younger son of the late Baron de Robeck

Below: Miss Angela Henderson, whose engagement to Mr. Hamish Stewart Peter was announced last month, is the only daughter of the late Lieut.-General Sir David Henderson, K.C.B., K.C.V.O., D.S.O., and Lady Henderson, D.B.E.

Lenare

The Hon. Peggy Cunliffe

Right: Miss Angela Henderson

Yvonne Gregory

Miss Anne Askew

Who is engaged to Mr. Michael Umfreville, son of Lieut.-Colonel H. K. Umfreville, D.S.O., is the only daughter of the late Captain Askew and Mrs. Tallboys

Hay Wrightson

Yvonne Gregory

Miss Oriel Wilson

Another October engagement is that of Miss Oriel Wilson and Mr. Robert Hoare, Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Hoare's son. Miss Wilson is the eldest daughter of Colonel the Hon. Guy and Mrs. Wilson, and a cousin of Lord Nunburnholme

Yevonde

Miss Peggy Lubbock

Right : Miss Marion Sale is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sale, who have a house in Belgrave Square ; her fiancé is Mr. R. F. Jayne, of the 7th Queen's Own Hussars, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Jayne, of Lisbon

Extreme right : A new portrait of Lady Betty Montgomerie, the youngest daughter of the Earl of Eglinton and Winton, whose engagement to Mr. George Hay Drummond, younger, of Cromlix, was announced last month

Below : Miss Diana Skimming, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Skimming, of Taplow House, Bucks, is engaged to Mr. Terence Vincent Craig, elder son of the late Mr. Vincent Craig, and nephew of Lord Craigavon, Prime Minister of Northern Ireland

Miss Marion Sale (left) and Lady Betty Montgomerie (right)

Elwin Neame

Lenare

Miss Diana Skimming

Hay Wrightson

Miss Denise Henn

Left : Engaged to Sir Geoffrey Palmer, late Coldstream Guards, whose place is East Carlton Park, Northampton, is Miss Cicely Kathleen Radmall, daughter of the late Mr. Arthur Clifford Radmall, of Clifton, near Watford

Above : Miss Denise Henn is the youngest daughter of Sir Sydney Henn, K.B.E., M.P. for Blackburn, Lancs., from 1922 to 1929, and Lady Henn, and is engaged to Mr. Edward Boscawen Moore, son of the late Captain G. H. Moore, R.N.

Lenare

Miss Cicely Radmall

Left : Miss Peggy Lubbock, the third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Lubbock, of 17, Cranley Gardens, and a sister-in-law of Lord Cunliffe, whose engagement is announced to Mr. William Rathbone, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Rathbone

"My Visit to Woolworths"

by the Countess of Puffin and Arsque

(In an interview with "Eddie" Tatham, with acknowledgments to Drages and the Countess of Oxford and Asquith.)

Studio Photo by Chance

TYPICAL amongst these great big houses is the House of Woolworth. Everybody knows the Woolworths: often in church I would think of Mr. Woolworth, and my husband would think of Mrs. Woolworth, but I had no idea, until I visited one of their beautiful stores, how happy everybody was. When I entered the store all the assistants burst out laughing; a cheerful lift-girl threw a sponge at me, and a courteous salesman tripped me up; some of the assistants were finishing a game of hockey, and the rest were learning contract bridge.

* * *

I knew very little about sixpences until I visited Woolworths. I always thought they were something you put in the church collection or gave to taxi-drivers. How wrong I was; here in the sumptuous showrooms were cosy little dusters, happy pudding-basins, and smiling goldfish, all beckoning to me for sixpence, and I thought to myself, how amazing it is that a business man with moderate means and a bungalow at Brighton can buy a threepenny goldfish for the payment of only sixpence.

I realise what a risk anyone runs when they buy anything, so I asked: "What would happen if all the dear, charming, happy people I see buying pudding-basins to-day were to put their heads in a gas-oven?" Then it was explained to me that, apart from the smell of gas, if they had paid for their basins they would be allowed to keep them. This seems to me a very original and kind provision, and I wish many more people would show their appreciation by putting their heads in gas-ovens.

* * *

I am always very modest about myself, but I must admit I am a woman with practically a monopoly in taste, and I could never live with anything ugly. I once had an ugly housemaid, so I drowned her in a sink. I would never have a petrol pump in my drawing-room. When I see the back of a vulgar hotel, I shudder; and when I see the front of one, I pop in for a glass of port.

* * *

I have always been interested in the innocent art of Advertisement. I remember sitting in the ladies' cloakroom at Biggleswade on my way from Giggleswick to Kidderminster for my annual organ lesson, and reading: "Higgledy-piggledy, my Black Hen, She 'd lay an egg for a Ramsbottom pen." I do not think the quotation is quite correct, but it struck me like an omelette, and, in any case, it helps to fill up this article.

* * *

Personally, I should like all advertisements confined to ladies' cloakrooms, but I realise the aim of famous firms is not to be commercial: it is something lesser and smaller, and greater and larger; they only want to expand so as to please the public and help little children.

* * *

What impressed me at Woolworths, almost as much as the beautiful furnishings, was the service. I asked the price of a gaggle of balloons, and a smiling assistant said: "A penny to us and sixpence to you, Miss." When I sat on a chair and said it was hard, a laughing young man whisked it away from me, and I was able to sink into the sumptuous linoleum. As I was leaving the store a courteous salesman persuaded me to buy a bag of nuts. I asked him what I could do with them; he told me . . . such an original suggestion!

Guardsmen's Golf

The Household Brigade Meeting at Worplesdon

Below : Captain T. B. Swift and Major E. R. Fryer find time for a few moments' conversation

Right : Captain F. Forbes and K. B. Bibby waiting to drive off

Above : Captain Martin Beard, F. R. Oliver and A. A. Crabbe seen at the first tee

Right : A. H. Porter and Captain Wavell Paxton waiting at the fourth tee

Above : Lord Tennyson and Sir Hugh Seeley going to the second green. Sir Hugh was the winner of the Nine Holes Eclectic Competition with a score of 34–7=27

Right, centre : M. Steele and Captain J. C. Craigie. The latter tied with A. W. Malcolm for the Scratch Cup with a score of 76

Extreme right : R. B. Pembroke and Captain T. G. Lindsay, who were second to Captain I. St. C. Rose and Captain N. C. Tufnell in the Foursomes Competition against bogey

Photographs by Bertram Eary

If Gossip We Must . . .

Our Patient Police—The "Mean" Means Test—Flag-Wagging Yankees—Nellie Taylor

Pavl Tanqueray

Acting à la Russe

Miramova, the Russian actress who took the part of the dancer in the stage version of "Grand Hotel," at the Adelphi Theatre, is appearing in "The Bear Dances," at the Garrick Theatre

Janet Jevons

Newly Wed

Mrs. Godfrey Tearle, née Stella Freeman, who was married to Mr. Godfrey Tearle last Saturday week. A reception was afterwards held on the stage of the Whitehall Theatre, where the bridegroom plays lead

Attractive

SIR JOHN GILMOUR, widely, but not correctly, considered as the weakest of the important promotions due to the departure of Sir Herbert Samuel and his not very merry men, made a successful début as Home Secretary, from the House of Commons point of view.

His speech on the unemployed riots was humane without being sentimental, staunchly sensible but not too flavoured with Die-Hard Toryism. In short, he struck the right note and kept to it.

Instead of rhetorically defending the police against silly accusations of brutality, he let facts speak for themselves. "The number of members of the public," he said, "known to have been treated for injuries amounts to thirteen. The number of police officers injured was thirty-seven.

And it must be remembered that the police, although some of them are mounted, are outnumbered by dozens to one.

MR. LANSBURY, having digested a long time ago the maxim that it is the duty of the Opposition to oppose, managed to stretch a point and to oppose the police as well.

That is to say, he was characteristically convinced that whenever the police meet a mob the mob must be in the right. He ignored the fact that people—unemployed, Communists, non-Communists, or merely idlers out to watch a scrap—do not put a brick, the spear-point of a railing, or an empty bottle into their pocket just for the fun of the thing, and that such implements can rarely be picked up in the street.

That these disturbances are fostered, and partly organised, by Soviet Russia should be—though it is not—sufficient reason for Mr. Lansbury to be less eager to criticise the methods of coping with them. For Mr. Lansbury knows as well as I do that he and the policy of gradualism and all the more or less mild Socialists of his type would vanish swiftly if ever Communism gained the upper hand in this country.

Moreover, sympathy with the genuine unemployed is not the exclusive property of the Socialist and Communist parties. The former grow hysterical over the Means Test and, for the most part, leave it at that; the latter welcome unemployment and the commotion it causes as a powerful ally in their diabolical schemes.

WHY all this hullabaloo about the Means Test? What is there "iniquitous" or "degrading" in seeing that those who are given assistance should really be in need of it?

If there is nothing degrading in accepting the dole, then there is nothing degrading in complying with the conditions under which it is granted.

Instances of assistance being given to people with money saved, or in receipt of a regular income, or with relatives far

"Ambassadresses"

Sally Eilers and Ginger Rogers, two very attractive young actresses who appear together on the screen in "Embassy Girl," a Fox picture. They are paying a visit to England

from destitute have been much too frequent of late. If I were down and out and starving I would guarantee to answer a string of questions "from here to Mesopotamy" provided there was a chance of "the ready" turning up.

THE American tendency to make militaristic jamboree in Paris in 1932 seems to be in inverse ratio to American participation in the real thing some years ago.

Periodically, American "Gold Star Mothers" are transported across the Atlantic to march up and down the Champs Elysées in military formation. It is fortunate that British mothers who lost sons in the war are not organised to perform in similar fashion, for I doubt whether the Champs Elysées would hold them. Our tastes are different in such matters, and we are not likely to make the attempt.

Even more frequently is there bugle-blowing and flag-waving organised by what is known as the Paris Post of the American Legion.

This is, of course, entirely the business of the Americans concerned, and no comment is necessary. But a few days ago an organisation known as the Daughters of the American Revolution came much to the fore and presented in Pershing Hall, in Paris (named after the man who found the British Army so deficient), a tablet as a memorial to the French soldiers who helped America when she was fighting England.

That all happened a century and a half or so ago. But, in view of the present international situation to-day, to dig it up and make a public song

Miss Margaret Morton, elder daughter of Mr. J. B. R. Morton, leaving St. Columba's, Pont Street, after her wedding to Mr. J. A. M. Radcliffe, son of Mr. J. C. Radcliffe, of Malton

Sasha

The Story of a Shop

Gabriel Service (Leslie Banks) and his daughter, Caroline (Ann Todd), in a scene from the play "Service," by C. L. Anthony, author of "Autumn Crocus," which is a big success at Wyndham's Theatre

Bankrupt (to Creditor): "I can pay you four-and-six in the pound, instead of the three shillings I originally suggested; but, mind you, I'm losing money on it"

BY LESLIE MARCHANT

SONGS OF SPORTSMEN

No. 13—The Hockey Player

THOUGH many people whom I know
Enjoy a life that 's calm and slow,
Your Hockey player, probably,
Is just as happy as can be
When, thirsting for the bloody fray
(That last bit 's Shakespeare's, by the way),
He dons his shorts and sweater thick,
Then grabs a hefty-looking stick
And dashes out with joyous shout
To slosh a hard white ball about.

Your hearty "Rugger" man may say
That it 's a deadly game to play;
But I do not agree a bit,
For lately I 've been watching it,
And the impression that I got,
When I had seen it played a lot,
Was that, by some strange paradox,
Although you frequently see crocks,
The ones who thrive the best are they
Who cross the sticks at start of play.

But then, your Hockey men are so
Brave, bold and chivalrous, they 'll go
And ask their women if they 'd care
With them the joys of war to share;
And though I do not wish to vex
Those I 've heard called the "weaker sex,"
I must confess, when first I saw
The carnage of the Sexes' war,
I vowed, "It 's really worse, I think,
To mix your Hockey than your drink!"

B. W.

and dance about it can hardly be called tactful—to say the least of it.

The tablet, by the way, was presented by a lady described as "State Regent for France of the Daughters of the American Revolution."

Golly!

Sasha

Effie Atherton

Below is one of the clever young members of the company playing in "Words and Music," the Noel Coward revue at the Adelphi Theatre

WHEN an actress retires from the stage—even at the height of her fame—she is soon forgotten except by a few. But many mourn the loss of Nellie Taylor. For although it is several years since she appeared in public, she had a knack of making friends wherever she went.

She might have continued to earn a very large income in the theatre, for she was sweetly pretty and could sing and act. But her nerves would not let her, and her health for some time had been poor.

Her marriage to Captain Buckmaster turned out a triumphantly happy one—she loved running her home and her flower-shop, and all the popular "Buck's" friends were devoted to her—and she will remain a most precious memory. She was an ideal hostess and, with her delicious sense of humour, a joy as a guest—and I knew her as both. I do not think Nellie Taylor made a single enemy in her all-too-short life.

Irene Browne

The well-known actress, who has deserted the stage for the screen and is seen above as Margaret Harris in the Fox film version of Noel Coward's "Cavalcade," which is now in the course of being made at Hollywood

Caught at the Café de Paris

Captain and Mrs. Dunkerley and Mrs. Stanley Clarke enjoying supper at the Café de Paris while Jack Harris's band discourses sweet music for the dancers

BASIL DEAN, having launched *Service*, a perfect piece of production, has launched himself off to America in the Europa. He tells me that he has been temporarily driven from home—his country home, that is to say—by beetles.

In the summer he proudly showed me over his centuries-old manor-house at Little Easton, not knowing that the death-watch beetle was at work in the timbers. So serious, he discovered, were the ravages of this insect, that the house was on the point of falling to pieces. It is now being renovated, and the beetles being shot, stunned, gassed, or stabbed (or whatever it is one does to beetles), at a very considerable cost.

I hope that Basil will return to find his domain completely beetle-less. He is a genuine enthusiast in the theatre, and it would be a pity if the films claimed him for keeps.

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S interest in the Merchant Navy continues, and he was in fine form at the Mansion House dinner the other night.

I hear that steps are being taken to recognise still further the status of officers of merchant ships by extending certain privileges, which will include attendance at levées.

It seems a little unfair, to say the least of it, that young men who put in some R.N.V.R. duties in their spare time can attend these functions, while a man who has commanded great ships in all parts of the world cannot do so.

Many Merchant Navy captains and other officers—fine fellows, all of them—feel this rather keenly.

Fred Daniels

YOUNG LADY, STARLET—STAR?

Diana Napier, who came into the eye of the English film-world as one of Mr. Korda's young ladies, has now graduated through several small parts to the lead in "Her First Affaire," a new Sterling film, in which she plays opposite Basil Rathbone. Perhaps this will be her stepping-stone to the stardom which everyone hopes one of the young studio lovelies will soon achieve

Society Portraiture

The Hon. Phyllis Astor

Who is the only daughter of Viscount and Viscountess Astor, and one of the most intelligent as well as attractive of the younger set, having inherited both brains and a quick wit from her brilliant mother and father

Miss Pen

A new portrait of the lovely daughter of the who will be following in her sub-deb footsteps in a y

A Trio of Lovelies

Penelope Dudley Ward

he Rt. Hon. William Dudley Ward, P.C.; she has a younger sister a year or two. They are the granddaughters of Colonel Charles Birkin

Portraits by Edmund Harrington

The Lady Ashley

Lady Ashley is the wife of Lord Shaftesbury's son and heir. She has been holding reception in Lady Carnarvon's nursing home, but is now on the road to recovery

"IOLANTHE" Past and Present

Mr. Leslie Rands as Strephon and Miss Rowena Ronald as Phyllis, in the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company's production at the Savoy Theatre. Inset above are the two original members of the cast, Richard Temple and Leonora Braham. It can hardly be a matter for argument that the dresses designed for the revival are more artistic than those which were formerly worn

Ian Smith in Action

The International flier turned out for the first time this season when playing for the London Scottish against the Royal Military College at Camberley. He is seen above after accepting a pass, getting away with plenty of room in which to make a dash for the line

Howard

ONE game of Rugby football is very much like another. If we see any attempt at originality in tactics we are excited; we talk about it afterwards; we recognise with amazed respect the fact that a thoughtful player is in our midst.

Mind you, I have, at the moment, no such player in mind, though it is rumoured that down Llanelly way they are making experiments. The Llanelly back-row forwards, we are told, are combining with the stand-off half in attack, which is evidence of constructive, though not entirely original, scheming.

It is, however, significant. It points to the fact that modern defence is so complete that before long new methods of attack must be evolved to beat it. For some years now we have been in a position of stalemate; back-row forwards have made orthodox attack unprofitable, and, instead of the stand-off half, the wing three-quarter has become the pivot of the game.

This sounds odd, perhaps, but it is true. Modern defence in midfield is so complete that from a set scrummage the ball is driven swiftly to the wings, and upon the wings lies the responsibility of changing the direction of attack by kicking back into the centre or giving the inside pass. It is only by these sudden changes of direction that we can hope to score many tries nowadays, for rarely indeed do we see a wing three-quarter with a chance to run for the line.

Unfortunately, most clubs take this state of affairs for granted. They are content to wait for opportunities rather than make them by prearranged plan, though the other day I saw Cardiff working the inside pass from wing to centre with such deliberate persistence that they deprived the manœuvre of just that element of surprise upon which its hope of success is based.

IT is encouraging, therefore, to know that Llanelly are experimenting, even if their particular form of experiment may not be generally applicable. Llanelly have intelligent back-row forwards, capable of exploiting a constructive plan of attack, but I shudder to think what would happen if the ordinary back-row man were encouraged to regard himself as an additional three-quarter. Scrummaging would become even worse than it is already, and soon we should be asking ourselves whether a scrummage is really necessary at all. Why not have just two men with the ball placed on the ground between them, and allow them to hook for it in the manner of the bully-off at hockey?

No; we have to go steady with this problem of developing the game, and it will do us no harm to remember that scrummaging for its own sake is an integral part of Rugby football, and not merely, as some people seem to think, a tiresome way of bringing the ball into play after an infringement.

The Cambridge Captain

D. M. Marr (Caius) photographed at Richmond, when the University beat the home club by 10 points to 3

Marshall on "Rugger"

New Developments

Leaving aside for the moment Llanelly's enterprise, there are plenty of unorthodox schemes for beating the defence which are not sufficiently practised. They are familiar schemes, and yet they are either neglected or inefficiently attempted. There is the scissors movement, for one, and several forms of diagonal kicking, and judiciously varied inter-passing, and combination between the half-backs, and feints by the scrum-half—little subtleties which appear obvious on paper, but are bewildering in action, if only they are sufficiently well rehearsed.

WE are too stereotyped—an old cry, but a true one—and not yet this season have I seen a team which appeared to be working along preconceived lines. Possibly it is because opportunities for combined practice are few and far between, but it is high time the game was re-invigorated by a club side like Newport, when they were known as "the Invincibles" or the 'Quins under Adrian Stoop.

The game is sound enough, there is no doubt of that, and I am still convinced that this winter will mark a revival in the general standard of play. Men like J. A. Tallent, N. L. Evans, F. W. Simpson, S. A. Block, and B. H. Black are obviously maturing; the great players of the future are among us, and the spirit of the game is as fine as ever it was.

WHEN all is said and done, Rugby football is a complicated game. We may talk about the solidity of modern defence, but I wonder how solid it would appear if Dicky Owen in his prime were directing the attack at scrum-half? And Dicky Owen owed his success to hard thinking; so did Adrian Stoop, and W. W. Wakefield, and all the other illustrious ones. Physique will make a man a fine player, but only intelligent application of his strength will carry him to greatness.

After which moral observashuns—to quote Artemus Ward—we may turn, possibly with relief, to a consideration of current form. As far as my own observation goes, J. A. Tallent is one of the most improved players in England to-day, and it will be very surprising if he is not capped again as a centre. And when I say that he has improved, I merely mean that a good player has become better, for Tallent now seems to be a thoroughly competent footballer. I must record also the fact that Wales have two very excellent full-backs—T. Stone, of Cardiff, and H. Isaacs, of Newport. Stone is a remarkable little player, as neat and nimble as a marmoset, and whenever I have chanced to watch him he has shown every sign of real class.

Then it is comforting to hear—the bias will out, I 'm afraid—that N. K. Lamport has discovered some exceptionally big bustling forwards at Oxford, with J. B. Bowers, R. E. Prescott, and H. M. Kelly as likely as any among them. Unhappily for Oxford supporters, stand-off halves and centres are horribly scarce, and for that reason Cambridge at the moment are the more promising side. There will be a battle royal between the 'Varsity packs at Twickenham, that much at least is certain, but Oxford will have to find some midfield players very quickly if they are to register another victory.

Connery Chappell

discusses

The Passing Picture Show

Irene Ware is a new Fox acquisition from the Broadway stage. She plays Princess Nadji, opposite Edmund Lowe, in "Chandu, the Magician," a thriller with an Egyptian setting, about the capture and rescue of the Death Ray

Saved from the Slave Market

Edmund Lowe as Chandu, in "Chandu, the Magician," and further disguised as an old Arab in the scene where he rescues Betty Lou (June Vlasek) from being sold as a slave. June Vlasek is reputed to be one of the prettiest girls in Hollywood

We should all be buying larger hats—London is so rapidly becoming the centre of matters filmic. On a week in which an American picture unashamedly takes an English author, playwright, director, supervisor, and a whole string of troupers from our midst, and then proceeds to make a 100 per cent. English film, I have received large consignments of detail regarding *Don Quixote*, another of these almost-British pictures.

Don Quixote is being made at Nice, which can now be painted red on the map and described as a small seaside suburb of the Metropolis. *The Old Dark House*, the American importation at the Capitol, is British in all but name, and, inasmuch as it gives us the screen's first suggestion of a Yorkshire accent, qualifies Hollywood to be listed in the best gazetteers as an outpost of Scarborough.

Actually, there is a moral in all this for those curious producers of ours who persist, in a world vividly British-conscious, in imitating the formula of shoddy German musical comedies and ape the caper of the more stereotyped American movie.

The Old Dark House, incidentally, raises a number of movie problems of a more or less pressing nature. Among other things, it questions the automatic ability of a successful stage producer to become a film genius.

James Whale, the young man who made it, has a number of films in his record of which *Journey's End*, *Frankenstein*, *Waterloo Bridge*, and this one are the leading specimens. Frankly, with all the good will in the world, I can find little on which to congratulate him.

Journey's End, in which he was supervised by one of the ablest and most experienced film directors in the game, George Pearson, the man who made Betty Balfour famous, was a capable piece of work, but the other three, all hailed as masterpieces by their sponsors, seem to me to be woefully lacking in the art of film-production.

Frankenstein was an indifferently directed horror film, as is *The Old Dark House*. *Waterloo Bridge*, which many people seemed to like, was a shoddy piece of work, although the way in which the censorial scissors hacked it on its arrival in England compels one to give Whale the benefit of the doubt.

There seems to be a minor complex at the moment for leading film directors to do "bits" of acting on the screen.

Edmund Goulding, who made that not-so-very *Grand Hotel*, walks on in *Blondie of the Follies*, his own picture, in which he starred Marion Davies.

His cameo, that of a stage manager of a New York show who rallies the chorus when there is a grave danger of a panic, is a good piece of work, dour, restrained, and exceedingly natural.

It suggested that the reason why the standard of acting in his films is always so high is because he himself knows all there is to know about acting.

Ernst Lubitsch, no less, the champion champagne-blower of the movies, is to play a part in *If I Had a Million*, a curious all-star film now being made in Hollywood.

The famous German director, who has made most of the big Chevalier films, has not only written his "bit" and intends acting it, but also intends producing it, despite the fact that the picture belongs to another director.

Herr Lubitsch is wisely taking no chances.

This walking-on habit is by no means new. Chaplin, an expert showman if ever there was one, created whole columns of publicity for himself when he made *Woman of Paris*, the most advanced film of its day, by playing the part of a railway porter who walked slowly across the screen in one particular sequence. He did it well, but no better than many other people could have done it.

Even our own Hitchcock—the lesser Alfred, the other having once been a King of England and not merely Elstree—regularly gives himself a crowd part in his own films.

On the opening night the audience bursts into hysterical applause as he lumbers across the lens in the track of some crowd scene. I am informed by my Soviet spies that the great Eisenstein has a similar complex, and can be seen tearing an odd scalp or two in the more vigorous moments.

Leo Diegel, who has been described as the best putter in the world, a thing which is in itself a much more important business than the making of films, is personally attending Joe Schenck, the movie millionaire, during that worthy's visit to the President of Mexico.

Diegel may one day be able to teach Schenck the secrets of the inside-out swing, but no one can ever teach Sam Goldwyn the mysteries of star selecting.

Goldwyn, who has just snooped Ann Sten from the movie moguls of all Europe, has an infallible ability to pick winners.

On seeing Miss Sten in *Tempest*, the experts have decreed that Goldwyn's common sense was immediately apparent. I disagree. I feel they merely said this in order to be wise in advance. Goldwyn's star-selecting genius, his telescopic faculty, will be manifest in the way he builds this girl up from obscurity to ermines.

It is to be hoped that she will not go temperamental on him. . . .

A PORTFOLIO OF FASHION

Compiled Weekly for "The Bystander" by Madge Garland

Horst, Paris

MADEMOISELLE YOLANDE LAFFON plays an important rôle in "La Fleur des Pois," Bourdet's new play which is intriguing all Paris with its (supposed) references to Miss Elsa Maxwell, who takes the better part of escorting her friends to the theatre and laughing at the unjust travesty of herself. Mademoiselle Laffon is exquisitely gowned by Mainbocher, and this particular costume has been much admired. It is of white marocain with short sleeves bordered with organdie and a tiny béret of the same material. Her fur scarf is of chinchilla fox

Some Day Clothes, formal and informal

NO. 1. Soft brown tweed fashions a smart coat-frock and its accompanying shoulder cape, the bodice is double-breasted and fastened with brown buttons, the belt is of brown leather. This is a Mainbocher model and comes from the model department of Albert and Johnson. No. 2 comes from the inexpensive department at Albert and Johnson, where are to be found a number of models in stock sizes into which one can slip immediately—a boon to the busy (and budget-ed) woman. This dress is carried out in the new soft rabbit's wool material in a shade of pale blue, and has interesting sleeves; it costs 6½ guineas. No. 3 is a black silk crepe dress from Woollands which is one of the most attractive models of this type which I have found in my wanderings in the London shops. It is a Bruyère model, and has some unusual pleating as its only trimming. No. 4. A knitted coat from Harvey Nichols is carried out in brown and green but can be obtained in several colour combinations. No. 5. A black dress with an attractive neckline has no trimming other than a little white crochet edging; it comes from the inexpensive department at Albert and Johnson

Black velvet pyjamas
from H. J. Nicoll

For The Dinner Hour

Yevonde

All weather costumes for the Sports and Country Woman

A VERY smart brown tweed coat, which distinguishes itself by outstanding sleeves instead of the shoulder epaulettes which have hitherto been employed to give width to shoulders, is a Dorville model from Richard Sands, and costs the moderate sum of 8 guineas. Next to it is seen a Dexter weather-proof coat made of very fine cotton gaberdine and lined with a plaid artificial silk in order to allow it to slip easily over woollens or tweeds. This model costs 50/-, but with a plain silk lining it may be obtained for 40/-; there are also several alternative models from which to choose, some belted and double breasted or with a fan-shaped collar. Hats to match cost 25/-. Similar coats may also be obtained in tweed or fine Kashlama, a soft but firm woollen material excellent for steamer or motoring coats. These are to be obtained from 7 guineas, and a large selection is to be found in the showrooms of R. W. Forsyth. The lady talking to the equestrian figure is dressed in a smart three-piece suit from Studd and Millington, a coat, waistcoat and skirt of the finest check suiting. Costumes of this style may be ordered to measure from 9½ guineas, but vary in price according to the quality of the material chosen. The rider is attired in a well-cut suit from Bernard Weatherill who can be guaranteed to cut an impeccable pair of Bedford cord breeches for 5 guineas or cavalry twill for £5 10s. Check tweed coats are to be had for 7 guineas, and a complete side-saddle costume of coat, skirt and breeches in the best quality Melton cloth for 19 guineas

JOHN REYNOLDS

"*Listen !*"

Mme. de Peña, Miss Rose Bingham, the Hon. William Astor, and Mr. "Eddie" Tatham. The last three obeyed the injunction and did listen to Mme. de Peña

Mr. and Mrs. Brian Mountain seen in the vestibule, which was crowded with notabilities as well as "regulars" on this fashionable Gaiety first night

Going Gaiety

The "After Dinner" First Night

Who is this ?

We offer no prize for the solving of a not too difficult problem which can be seen above

Left : Lord and Lady Headfort appear to have enjoyed the "After Dinner" performance

Below : Mr. Charles Graves, whose new book, "Panorama," has just been published, and Lady Jersey on the left. With her are Mrs. Kenneth Hollway and a friend

Lady Hindlip and Mrs. Nick Prinsep talking to Sir Stephen Bull, son of the late Sir William Bull, M.P.

Photographs by L.N.A.

The Same Safe Old Stimulant

"My stand-by for over 50 years — Dewar's"

George F. Cannons

HOLLYWOOD TRICOLOUR—PLATINUM, BLUE AND SILVER

Jean Harlow, who dyed her hair red a few months ago for one of her films, is now a platinum blonde again. She is working on "Red Dust" at present, with Clark Gable and Mary Astor. It is said that the life of Paul Bern, her husband, who died so tragically not long ago, is to be made the subject of a film

Books of the Day

Novels: Historical and Satirical

By "Ericus"

"THICK as autumnal leaves," etc. For "leaves" read "publications," and pity the poor reviewer at this season. Weep not, however, for me, for, as I gazed sadly at the veritable mountain of literature I am optimistically expected to review this week, the name of Herr Lion Feuchtwanger peeped shyly at me, and my gloom was at once dispelled. For I have been an admirer of that gentleman ever since I eagerly devoured *Jew Süss*, though I must admit that my enthusiasm has subsequently somewhat abated.

NOR was I disappointed. *Josephus* (Martin Secker; 7*s.* 6*d.*) is every bit as good reading as *Jew Süss*. In fact, in one particular it is better. Süss was a rogue with only one redeeming feature—his love for his daughter. Josephus is a sympathetic character—politician, soldier, prisoner-of-war, slave and, finally, historian—ever striving to subdue his natural inclinations in his quest for spiritual perfection. Not that the character of Josephus is an essential matter in this lavish and compelling historical spectacle. We are introduced to the Rome of the first century A.D., undisputed mistress of the world, her army an epitome of the masculine virtues; to Alexandria, "city of mystical philosophy, of ancient tradition and of the most modern fashions"; and to a Jerusalem beset even more grievously by internal factions, religious and political, than by her Roman oppressors.

HERR FEUCHTWANGER has a knack of making history come to life before your eyes, and he carries you irresistibly forward through this drama of the Jewish revolt right to its grim climax, magnificently described, the fall and sack of Jerusalem.

I HAVE not the space to review *Life of Lord Oxford and Asquith*, by J. A. Spender and Cyril Asquith (Hutchinson; 36*s.*), as such a monumental work deserves. In addition, by the time these notes appear, my readers will probably have had their surfeit of reviews on the subject. But I should like to add a quavering note to the chorus of praise with which this most revealing biography of a great national figure has been greeted. My only cause for complaint lies in the attack the authors make on the late Mr. Bonar Law, an attack which, to my mind, is not only unjustifiable by the evidence, but quite unnecessary to the narrative. Fortunately, Mr. Bonar Law has a worthy champion in his son, Mr. Richard Law, M.P.

"WANTON BOYS" (Victor Gollancz; 7*s.* 6*d.*) is a really remarkable second novel. Here again we have all, or nearly all, the qualities of Mr. Richard Oke's first-born, *Frolic Wind*. What struck me most forcibly in this brilliantly-constructed satire—for satire, in the absence of a better word, one must call it—was Mr. Oke's astounding command of words, and of words not only in his own tongue, but also in apparently any other, for he toys with French, German, Italian, and Russian with all the assurance in the world!

Then there are the characters, a delicious set, each name a perfect portrait

Janet Jevons

The Hon. Mrs. Maynard Greville

whose book for children, "The Diary of Mr. Niggs, Unkanny Kat," with illustrations by Aubrey Hammond, has just been published by Ivor Nicholson and Watson

of its owner. We have, for instance, Mrs. MacKansas, the American hostess—sweet, but oh, so stupid! The Baroness Piffl, that Edwardian breaker of hearts, and her impossible son, Lolo; Sir Kensal Rise, a novelist of the old school, whose heroes are always gallant and his villains wicked; the film star, Gretna Green; the intense Miss Plainbottom and the object of her passion, Major Penbuttocke, who "kept his Military Cross under a glass dome, surrounded by tin soldiers in martial attitudes." And many others, all of whom Mr. Oke handles lightly but surely, with devastating humour, but sympathetic understanding, while his ending is masterly, a triumph of the unexpected.

If this book lacks something of the liveliness of its predecessor, it is probably because it deals almost exclusively with an assorted tribe of authors gathered together under one roof. For what, as a rule, can be duller to listen to for any length of time than the chatter of authors about books—and themselves—unless it be the chatter of actors about plays—and themselves! It is a tribute to Mr. Oke's delicate handling of the difficult task he has set himself that I, for one, read his book with growing enthusiasm straight through from cover to cover. I shall be surprised if you do not do the same.

MY chemical researches at school were confined to the perpetration of noxious fumes and foul odours. So much so that I was once irascibly informed that "I was not a chemist—I was a cook." I have harboured an instinctive dislike of chemists ever since. When, therefore, I discovered that Miss Vicki Baum's new novel, *Helene* (Geoffrey Bles; 7*s.* 6*d.*) was concerned principally with chemistry, professors and students thereof and problems therein, I adopted a suitably pained expression and hoped for the best.

Miss Baum, however, has, as you probably know, a way of overcoming such prejudices and, though I personally did not find this story of love and tragedy in a university town as dramatic as her other novels, except in the episode of Helene's trial for her life, Miss Baum's characterisation is so masterly, so vital, yet so dispassionate, that any work of hers must be an intense pleasure to read. Her account of the love affair of Helene and the medical student, Rainer, is particularly moving in its simplicity and pathos.

"QUEENS OF CRIME" by Leonard R. Gribble (Hurst and Blackett; 18*s.*), is, as its title implies, a record of some of the World's Worst Women. If you are so unchivalrous as to delight in studies in feminine frailty, this book may appeal to you. I am afraid it has no other recommendation.

IT is astonishing how Mr. Valentime Williams keeps up his form. Here is another "Clubfoot" story, as good a thriller as any of its predecessors, and you can't say fairer than that!

The Gold Comfit Box (Hodder and Stoughton; 7*s.* 6*d.*), should add to the legion of his admirers, among whom I have always numbered myself.

OWING to lack of space, I find myself unable to review the undermentioned books, all of which I think you will enjoy.

Sheaves, by E. F. Benson (Stanley Paul; 7*s.* 6*d.*).

Black Mischief, by Evelyn Waugh (Chapman and Hall; 7*s.* 6*d.*).

A Few People, by M. L. Haskins (Lovat Dickson; 7*s.* 6*d.*).

Right: A scene from "Road House," at the Whitehall Theatre, showing Godfrey Tearle as the bookmaker, Jack Donovan, "chin-chinning" with Marion Lorne as Belle Tout, the barmaid at the Angel Inn, just off the Portsmouth Road. A flash-back to 1899

Below: Another scene from "Road House." The inn is brought up to date and becomes a fashionable resort. The police are on the track of a criminal. They are Lance Donovan (Godfrey Tearle), son of the bookie seen right, and Porky Grabble (Ronald Shiner). In the centre stands the manager (Gordon Harker), who, criticising the glad rags of the police, remarks contemptuously: "Mine were made for me!"

The Barmaid of 1899

The Police of 1932

Plays Pictorially Presented

"Road House" and "My Hat!"

On the right: Jack Hobbs, Hugh Wakefield, and Lawrence Grossmith, in the order named, are seated and appear entirely oblivious to the figure of Margot Grahame outside the window. This scene occurs in the farcical comedy at the New Theatre which, when first announced, was called "Walking in Her Sleep," which, anyway, explained this picture, but has now been re-christened "My Hat!"

F. G. L. Fairlie on GOLF

A Criticism from Canada

I HAVE received a most interesting letter from G. N. C. Martin, written from the Royal Military College, Kingston, Ontario.

Martin, as my readers will no doubt remember, made a fleeting name for himself in golf in this country, not so much by his skill at the game, which, let me hasten to add, was by no means mean, but by his amazing fighting qualities in a close match and his frankly astounding ability to pull an apparently hopeless situation out of the fire. There is a famous story told of Martin, when he first came over from his duties as a soldier in foreign climes and played in a championship here. He found himself drawn to play Cyril Tolley when Cyril Tolley was at his most illustrious, and the story, no doubt largely exaggerated, goes on to say that Martin sat on the tee box on the first day offering odds that he would win his match. When asked who he was playing, he is supposed to have answered: "Oh, some fellow called *Tooley*."

I MAKE no apology for repeating this scandalous story, because it has two virtues. The first: That it is absolutely typical of the fighting qualities of the man himself that he should lay odds on his ultimate victory when he was playing a favourite, and also that he should mispronounce the name of a man about whom it is scarcely credible to believe that he did not know. The second: That to those who know G. N. C. Martin, the story is indisputably funny.

Martin represented Great Britain in the Walker Cup Match which was held at Wheaten, Chicago, in 1928. He was not picked for the foursomes, but in the seventh single he was beaten by Roland Mackenzie by two up and one to play. In this failure he was in very good company, for that was the dreadful year when America won the whole contest by eleven victories to only one defeat. His inclusion in that year's British Walker Cup side was, if I remember, rather a surprise, for he was guilty of a most un-Martinlike action in the Championship of that year in allowing himself to be defeated by Jack Mellor, after being, I believe, five up with seven holes to play, and no doubt wondering in his mind who would be his next opponent.

I HOPE and believe that I can call G. N. C. Martin my friend, and certainly the tone of his letter, if severe, is friendly. He starts with the following sentence: "Forgive me for taking up a pen and arguing with you, but you are so off the rails in your golf article in THE BYSTANDER of September 28th that I must put you right."

I would like immediately to assure him that there is never any need to apologise for sending me any letter of criticism. After all, there is nothing so helpful as constructive criticism, and it is the object of all connected with THE BYSTANDER that the golf feature of our paper should be as accurate as possible.

He then makes a few remarks about Ross Somerville and certain inaccuracies which crept into my article of the date which he mentions with regard to this excellent golfer, and he finishes up by saying that my preposterous and misinformed statements in this article have annoyed as well as amused several Canadians of his acquaintance. He makes what is, in the circumstances, a perfectly reasonable plea that I should eat a little humble pie in print.

Martin declares very definitely that C. Ross Somerville is *not* the present amateur champion of Canada, a statement which I must admit I included in my article of September 28th. I have investigated the matter and have come to the reluctant conclusion that Martin is right. I have only a very weak excuse to offer, which is that my mistake was made in company with the entire British Press; and, therefore, I must thank Martin for bringing this to my attention, for as these words appear in print I shall be the first, and probably the only, writer on golf in this country to rectify the error, with the illustrious exception of *Golf Illustrated*. I should like to offer my apologies to A. Gordon Taylor, of Montreal, for excluding him from the list of Canadian amateur champions.

MARTIN'S next point is that Somerville is "by a long chalk the outstanding amateur in Canada, having been champion four times." This remark is no doubt prompted by the fact that I stated in my previous article that Somerville had not won the Canadian Amateur Championship so often that he could be fairly named as pre-eminent in his own country. I am not quite sure that Martin is right on this point, but it is a very small matter, after all, and I will willingly take back what I said should it be the pleasure of Canadians generally to feel that he is pre-eminent. It is perfectly true to say, of course, that to win any championship four times, even though the victories are not consecutive, is to make a man in the very first flight of golf in his country; and I never meant, by not presenting him with the title of "pre-eminent," that he was not probably the best golfer in Canada. But I would like to point out to Martin that you can be the best golfer in Canada without necessarily being pre-eminent among Canadian golfers. Martin goes on to state that what may be even more interesting is that Somerville has reached the match-play stage of the American Amateur Championship four times out of five attempts. This, I do confess, is most impressive, and I doubt whether there is any other British amateur golfer at present playing the game who could have done the same thing. It is, in fact, the only point which makes me doubtful as to whether I am not wrong on this "pre-eminent" question as well as on the other.

I HOPE that Martin, and those acquaintances whom he says I have annoyed by my previous remarks, will accept this apology in the spirit in which it is offered; and I hope, also, that Ross Somerville is not too irritated. Martin says that my previous article annoyed and amused. I am sorry for the annoyance—but, after all, to amuse is my job.

Left-Handed Golfers at West Byfleet

J. Barclay and A. P. F. Chapman, the Kent and England cricketer, seen above leaving the first tee

"The Star's" London Club Foursomes

The Redhill and Reigate team, runners-up in this tournament, recently held at Stoke Poges. L. to r.: R. Thairlwall, C. H. Middleton, R. W. H. Taylor, R. C. Taylor, G. T. Wright, and T. G. Baker

The Hon. Mrs. Jenkinson (left) and her partner, the Marchioness of Headfort, playing in the Ladies' Parliamentary Golf Tournament at Ranelagh

Letters of a Lady Golfer

Four Meetings Reviewed

By Eleanor E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER—

ONCE again I am thanking my lucky stars. Not for any mighty benefit, such as a Derby Sweep, or even a fine October, but simply because I did not add to a year of prophecies gone wrong by trying to foretell who was likely to win the South-Western Championship. Mrs. Graham Jones has done that doughty deed, not the holder, Miss Beard, nor Miss Pyman, nor Miss Powell Williams, nor Mrs. Latham Hall, nor Mrs. Forgan Grant. To win must be to silence critics, and as I was not at Long Ashton I cannot explain why none of the fancied players got home, or tell how splendidly the winner did win. The facts must speak for themselves. The best golf seems to have been played in the semi-final, although the weather was simply atrocious, with wind and rain; but Mrs. Forgan Grant got round in 80—only four more than par—and even doing that only beat Miss Powell Williams two up. Mrs. Graham Jones had to go to the last green, too, to beat Miss Pyman, so everybody must have had plenty of excitement. That was the cry the round before as well, for the holder, Miss Beard, held on to the 19th before losing to Miss Pyman, and so did Mrs. Latham Hall with Mrs. Forgan Grant. The final was hardly so thrilling, I suppose, for Mrs. Graham Jones beat Mrs. Forgan Grant by 4 and 3.

IT is pleasant, isn't it, to come across match play just now, when there is such an orgy of scoring? But hasn't the scoring been good? Miss Gourlay has been in great form. Take the Surrey meeting, for instance, at Addington Palace, when she won the scratch with 77. It was her first round of the course, but I am not sure if your first there isn't easier than any other until you have got over the notion that slopes and the trees, let alone the bunkers, are bound to destroy you, and have found the right route to each hole. It is quite a reasonable one when you know it, but no number of rounds would ever cure me of an insatiable desire to go exploring in the woods, preferably not in company with a niblick or in search of a golf ball.

There are such enchanting little red toadstools with white spots coming up through the fallen copper leaves of the beeches, and the bracken is such a heavenly colour, and there are so many attractive birds about, that what little concentration I have ever been able to bring to bear upon golf vanishes—with disastrous results. Miss Gourlay felt the charm of the place and of the course, but she managed to concentrate too, hence that excellent card, although the long putts refused to do more than sit on the lip of the hole, asking in vain for the wind to come and blow them in. Mrs. Peel was the next best scratch with 80—good going too. Do you remember she used to be a Gullane golfer, and played for Scotland when she was Miss Marjorie Thomas; and she and Miss J. G. Broün ought to have been the first holders of the *Eve* Scottish Foursomes Cup, only for a slight slip at the 19th? Surrey think themselves lucky that she is living in Byfleet now, and she should be a very valuable member of the county side next spring.

Two more competitors in the Parliamentary Golf Tournament: Lady Doris Gunston driving from the 6th tee. Her partner, Mrs. Martin Smith, is in the background

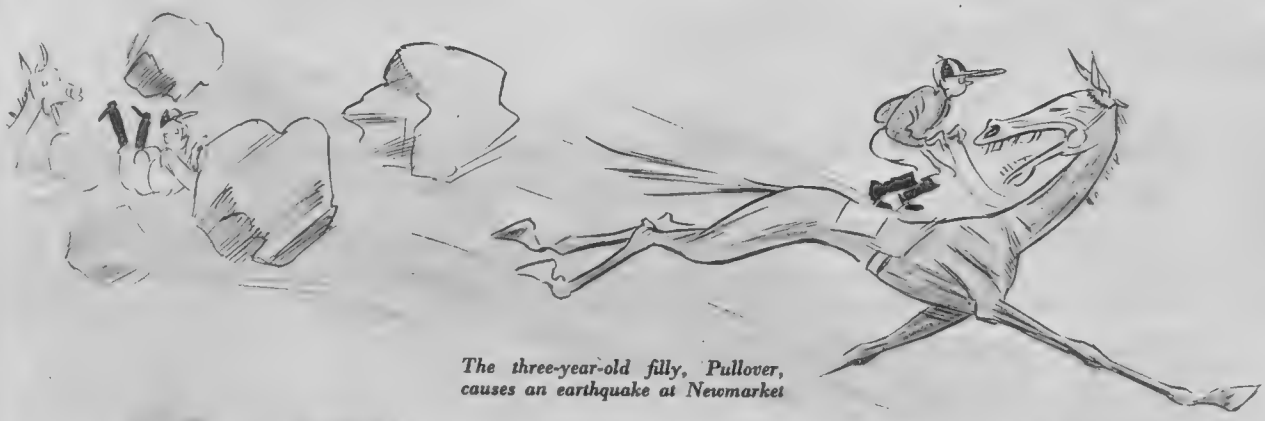
Mrs. Porter carried off the scratch aggregate, a fine performance, to mark the year of her captaincy, and she tied for the handicap aggregate with Mrs. Atherton; Miss Raworth won the Coronation Medal and first handicap, after tieing with Mrs. Morison and Mrs. Peel; West Hill won the Helme Shield.

MIDDLESEX had their meeting at Hendon, and ties and good cards were the order of the day there too, for Miss Marjorie White and Miss Rabbidge tied for the scratch at 79, par being 77, hotly pursued by Miss Betty Taylor and Mrs. Geoffrey Harrison, both 80, and Mrs. John Fleming, their county champion, 81. Mrs. Betts and Miss Taylor tied for the handicap at 75, the latter took the handicap aggregate with 151, and Miss Pim the scratch aggregate with 162.

RANELAGH was the scene of action next day. The L.G.U. International Meeting in the spring and our Foursomes in the autumn have always been big affairs there, and now the club's own nomination meeting for ladies bids fair to be just as popular and grow into a big affair of its own. It always seems to me that a scratch challenge trophy gives an air to an open meeting that nothing else can quite equal, and the Barn Elms Trophy is a very charming one. It has only been going since 1930: Miss Purvis Russell Montgomery won it the first year, Miss Parnall the second, and now Miss Gourlay has added her name with a 69. It's funny how things go. Here was Miss Gourlay, a player everyone thinks of as the golfer for the big occasion, and even more so as superb with card and pencil, but she had never done any good in the Ranelagh meetings nor had a card in the sixties. She remedied both little errors with that 69 of hers—35 out and 34 home—real good going even with the tees short as they were, for the ground was heavy after a night of rain.

BY the way, while I remember it, Miss Gourlay is taking a tremendously keen and active part in the Christmas Market which is to be held at the Royal Albert Hall, on November 29 and 30, in aid of the People's Dispensaries for Sick Animals of the Poor, and has begged me to wheedle contributions out of every tail-wagging friend I have in the world. Not necessarily money, so don't be frightened. But surely you have some sort of a white elephant, or could send something "in kind," no matter what, that somebody else could buy. I do think those Dispensaries do an enormous amount of good, not only curing animals that their owners couldn't afford to send to a vet., but teaching a lot about the care of animals into the bargain, and I am sure the golfing community, who have so many dogs (too many, some folk think at championship times), will all be sending parcels to Miss Gourlay, at Queries, Camberley, Surrey, or to Miss D. St. Hill Bourne, 38, Park Drive, Golders Green, N.W.11. To return to Ranelagh, Miss Dorrit Wilkins won the second scratch prize with 72, after a tie with Miss Dix Perkin, Mrs. Lionel Jackson, who once won *Eve* Foursomes there, carried off the senior handicap with 67 net, and Mrs. Patey, who won there longer still ago, when the *Ladies' Field* was responsible for them, the junior with 62 net. After lunch there was a round against bogey of 66, under handicap, followed by putting on that devastating course in the garden. Miss Marjorie White rose superior to the snares of a Ranelagh lunch, the hazards of the long course, the slopes of the putting, and carried off the senior bogey, with a really grand 2 up (she was round in 67), and the putting into the bargain with 34.

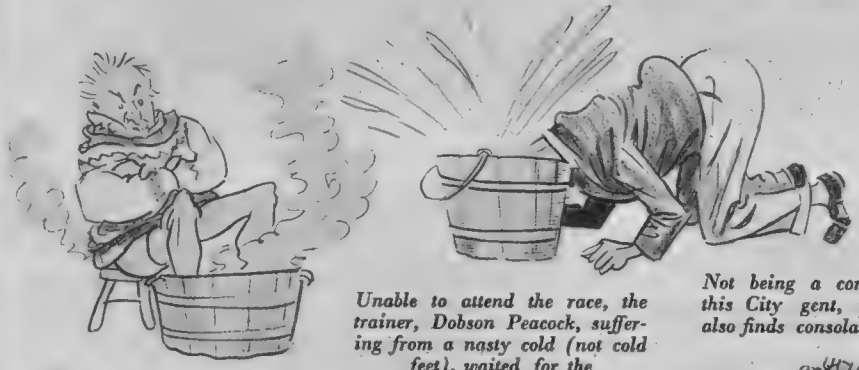
Yours sincerely, ELEANOR E. HELME.



The three-year-old filly, Pullover, causes an earthquake at Newmarket

Showing tic-tac men signalling result to their wives and sweethearts in appropriate garb

Depicting the joy on that part of the anatomy called face—of the jockey (Richardson), the horse (Pullover), the owner (Mrs. C. B. Robinson), and those poor unfortunate mutts, the punters



Unable to attend the race, the trainer, Dobson Peacock, suffering from a nasty cold (not cold feet), waited for the result wrapped up in several pullovers

Not being a commercial traveller, this City gent, unable to attend, also finds consolation in the bucket

By the time the four o'clock race started, the best type of bookmaker was dressed in the latest garb for the long winter months

During the late afternoon, the Aga Khan was creating a few earthquakes at Roehampton

Pullover Puts it Across Newmarket

Some Painful Memories of the Cambridgeshire: *By H. H. Harris*

SPORT with the LID OFF

A Frank, Fair and Free Commentary by

"Mark Over"

WELL, the M.C.C. seem to have made a reasonable start in Australia, though I write before the match against the Combined XI. has begun. But the Nawab of Pataudi got off the mark excellently with his 166 in the Western Australia game, and Leyland and F. R. Brown are apparently also in form. Mind you, the Nawab gave four chances during his knock, and Australians don't make these sort of mistakes in Test matches, though I fancy we shall find the Nawab very near the top of the M.C.C. averages at the end of the tour.

A great player, the Nawab, and an amusing fellow, despite the fact that he is inclined to be temperamental. The direct opposite of the modest, quiet-spoken Duleepsinhji, he will tell cricketing stories for hours on end, and tell them quite brilliantly, for he is a walking Wisden. What is more, he has a sense of humour, and can appreciate a joke against himself. I believe the telegram which pleased him most after he had made his record score in the 'Varsity match a couple of years ago said simply, "Well done, you b——y Wog."

I SHOULD very much like to know how things go with the M.C.C. team, for I think Douglas Jardine will have his work cut out to keep everyone happy. Jardine will succeed if anyone can, but already suspicious-minded individuals, like myself, fancy they can detect signs of mild dissensions. Unfortunately,

Zog it Off!

Jardine's worries are complicated by the fact that he has seventeen players with him, so that the responsibility for choosing a team, which should have been taken by the selectors in England, devolves upon the unhappy Captain. And imagine, for a moment, what the moral effect of sitting about and kicking their heels during a time-limitless Test match must be upon the six players who are left out of the M.C.C. side. To my mind, no touring team should consist of more than fourteen men in any circumstances.

AND now, what about Mr. J. W. Treadaway, the amateur bantam-weight champion, who has been suspended by the A.B.A. because he refused to fight for a two-guinea prize the other day? Apparently, he considered that he has had a rough deal, but everyone else must surely agree that the A.B.A. have taken the only possible course. The whole affair, to my mind, is a travesty of amateurism, and I cannot understand why boxers should have prizes at all. I detest all trophies in sport: the mere fact that they exist implies that the result is more important than the game itself. I suggest to the A.B.A. that they go a step further and abolish prizes entirely, for this would be an extremely valuable and timely gesture.

Treadaway, in the meanwhile, if we are to judge from his father's comments on the case, will probably become a professional, and that is the best solution for everyone concerned. If a boy wishes to capitalise his skill, let him do so, and good luck to him; there is nothing dishonourable about taking up boxing as a career, but either amateur boxers are strictly amateurs or they are, in effect, professionals making a profit out of the prizes offered to induce them to fight.

—and Another

A flying tackle by one of the Richmond side in their recent match against Cambridge University

Left: R. S. Spong, of Middlesex, seemed to have a partiality for the home ground in the county match against Hampshire. Right: A. Wragg, the jockey, looks as if he needs one!

Fifty Years of Corinth

A. G. Bower, F. V. Smith, and E. C. Bambridge, a founding member, at the dinner given to celebrate the Corinthians' fifty years of existence

One Kind of Tackle—

As practised in U.S.A., where a Princeton player is tackled in mid-air during the match against Columbia, in which the latter were victorious

JACK PETERSEN was an amateur eighteen months ago, but we did not blame him when he abandoned his intention of becoming a doctor, and chose to try his luck as a professional pugilist instead. On the contrary, we admired his determination to make good in an extremely arduous and speculative way of life. He tells me, incidentally, that he has benefited greatly from his recent trip in a cargo-boat, and he has certainly filled out a bit and hardened himself up.

TALKING of amateurs and professionals reminds me that F. D. Amr Bey did remarkably well to beat Butcher, the professional squash-rackets champion, by 9—0, 9—7, 9—1, in their match last week. This was the first victory of an amateur in a contest of this kind, though Butcher, perhaps, was not quite at his best. The truth of the matter is that these squash- and lawn-tennis pros. get into the habit of restraining their attacking strokes in the course of their instructional duties, and it is no wonder that they are sometimes all at sea when it comes to a needle match.

It has often occurred to me, by the way, that anyone who took a disused warehouse in the City and turned it into a squash-rackets club, with some sort of bar and quick-lunch counter, would be assured of a handsome return on his money. And if any wise capitalist acts on this suggestion, I hope he will recognise its origin in a suitable manner!

I CANNOT end these notes better than by beseeching those of you who are golfers to buy, borrow, or quite unashamedly steal Mr. Bernard Darwin's new collection of essays, *Out of the Rough*, published by Chapman and Hall at six shillings. There is no need to explain that Mr. Darwin is an uncommonly charming writer, that he is, indeed, an essayist of genius, for we are all familiar with his work in the *Times*. Mr. Darwin loves golf as other men love stamps or motor-cars or lepidoptera; the game is in his blood, and he communicates his own enjoyment with a most infectious enthusiasm.

These new essays of his are altogether delightful; he gives us lengthy character-sketches of Gene Sarazen, Arthur Croome, Walter Travis, and Francis Ouimet; he discusses the ifs of golfing history, the three-shot hole, whether to bang or not to bang, and the worst shots on record. I could quote indefinitely from these pages, but perhaps this extract shows his quality and manner as well as any other. It occurs in a dissertation on the sounds of golf:

"Finally, the custom of various eminent golfers of carrying a shooting-stick and sitting down between the strokes will soon add a new sound and a new terror to golf. I was playing with one of these illustrious heavy-weights at Rye in January, and our game was haunted by a peculiar eerie and melancholy piping. One of our four grew exceedingly restive under this affliction, but no culprit could be discovered; at length it was found to be the wind whistling through some joint of Mr. John Morrison's shooting-stick while he sat poised in placid majesty. I don't know whether this is a matter for a new rule or is only a question of etiquette."

THERE you have it—pleasant, personal, and entirely without offence, though I shall never be able to think of Mr. Morrison now without remembering the shooting-stick which whistled.

Yet more at the Corinthian dinner: (L. to R.) S. F. Hepburn, Capt. J. V. Blad, F. H. Ewer, D. F. McArthur, H. J. Scarlett, F. H. Webster, F. G. I. Packington, and P. A. Sergeant

Jubilee Dinner at the Dorchester

More Corinthians: F. N. S. Creek, W. T. Whewell, B. Howard Baker, G. B. Partridge, and K. E. Hegan at the Jubilee Dinner

G. N. Foster, Sir Harry McGowan, K.B.E., and H. K. Foster at the Jubilee Dinner, at which the founder, N. L. Jackson, was the guest of honour

N. Lane Jackson ("Pa"), founder of the Corinthian Club

Through the Empire by Air: By Capt. C. E. Ward

F. King

Members of the Aero Golfing Society at West Hill, Brookwood, when competing for the "Cellon" Cup. From left to right: Captain C. D. Barnard, Mr. Keith Davies, Messrs. Wallace Barr and Noel Clifton, who tied for the Cup; Messrs. G. F. Roberts, W. G. Hazell, and Brian Lewis, the latter winning the four-ball foursome with Noel Clifton; Captain Cedric Alston and Commander H. E. Perrin, secretary of the Royal Aero Club

Imperial Transport

THE annual review of Imperial Airways' position, made by their Chairman, Sir Eric Geddes, is a statement of importance not only to the ordinary shareholders but to the Government, which holds an interest on behalf of the public; to the aircraft industry, which is looking for future business; to students of transport, eager to know whether the air way has gained in popularity or become cheaper; and last, but not least, to the taxpayer, who provides part of the subsidy and uses the services for his own travel and to carry his goods and mails. The industry has benefited to the extent of £370,000, the sum paid out during the year for new machines and other equipment, which were bought to bring the services up to date. That this expenditure was justified has been amply proved by the increase in traffic. Nearly 30,000 people crossed the Channel by air during the months of May, June, July, and August this year, and although a proportion travelled in foreign machines and to places not served by Imperial Airways, the latter has secured the greatest increase.

The Air Way Becomes Popular

MORE than fifty per cent. of the accommodation offered has been filled—a very gratifying comparison with rail and steamer transport, which has been plying for hire more than half-empty. The regularity of services, a subject which is always matter for criticism by the uninformed or by those who have travelled once to Paris by air and arrived half an hour behind schedule, has been improved to a point where cancellation on account of weather and all other causes is less than three per cent. The cost of operation on the European services is less than a half of what it was seven years ago; and on those to India and Africa the same economy has been secured in three to four years. These and many other signs of progress are an answer to the sceptics who have prophesied that air transport is a luxury service which will never pay its way.

L.N.A.

"All aboard for Paris!" An Imperial Airways liner on the tarmac at Croydon, from which airport the Company operates services to the Continent, Egypt, India, and South Africa. During the four months of May to August this year, 30,000 people crossed the Channel by air, an increase of more than ninety per cent. over the same period for 1931

Air Mail Reform Needed

COMPLAINTS about the air mail form part of the general grouse against the inefficiency of the Post Office, but the public little knows how badly its youngest and fastest service for handling correspondence is being treated. Sir Eric Geddes revealed the surprising fact that the P.O. is making a profit on air mails, retaining a portion of the extra fees paid by the public, and collecting from foreign countries which use our services, fees on a gold basis, but paying Imperial Airways in sterling. In the case of letters from England, the sale of stamps is supposed to cover the Post Office charges, which are framed to meet the payments to operating companies. Whilst surface transport, particularly shipping lines, enjoy a privileged position, earning a large subsidy whatever amount of mail they carry, our air lines are paid by weight, the official view being that no loss must be incurred. What is the use of handing Imperial Airways a large subsidy with one hand and taking some of it away to bolster up Post Office profits with the other? If the Government wishes to terminate the payment of subsidies to air transport as quickly as possible, why not reduce air mail rates, thereby encouraging the public to make more use of the services, and hand over the whole of the receipts to the carrier? In this way the Post Office will lose nothing, but the public—and particularly the business community—will gain enormously from the lower charges.

A New Machine for the New Year

WHILST on the subject of air mails, it is good news to hear that the high-speed machine ordered by the Air Ministry from Boulton and Paul, of Norwich, is nearly ready for trials. Until quite recently, we have taken scarcely any interest in mail-'planes, leaving the development of this type to other countries, particularly the United States, where vast distances have to be covered in competition with highly-organised railroads. Now that we have realised the need for separating mail and passenger traffic, it looks as if our first machine will be a winner. It is fitted with two Bristol Pegasus engines—the same type as that used to break the world's altitude record a few weeks ago—and the machine will maintain level flight on one engine. A top speed of nearly 200 miles an hour, with a range of 1000 miles at a cruising speed of 170 should place it immediately in the front rank for its job.

A Choice for the Owner-Pilot

THE most interesting of next season's models is the "Gull," designed by Mr. E. W. Percival, and now in production at Yate. Its performance in the race for the King's Cup this year, with a speed for the 1200-mile course of over 142 miles an hour, puts it ahead of other cabin machines in its class, but there are many other points of interest besides speed. It is a three-seater with folding wings, and will have a range of 550 miles with a Hermes IV. or a Gipsy Major engine. Brakes are standard and, most important of all, it will land at about 40 miles an hour. The price, £1275, is a fair one for the exceptionally good performance and the standard of comfort provided. De Havillands' reply to twin-engined competition is awaited with interest, twelve of the new D.H.84 being on order now.

NOVEMBER, 1932

1st to 10th inclusive

1st — Fox Hunting begins.
Racing. Birmingham and Naas Meetings.
Shows. Northern Industries Fair, Manchester.

2nd — **Racing.** Worcester & Hawthorn Hill Steeplechases.
Exhibitions. Brewers and Allied Trades, Royal Horticultural Hall.
Northern Industries Fair, Manchester.
Badminton. Essex Championships, Southend-on-Sea.
Boxing. Metropolitan Police A.A. v. I.S.B.A., Royal Albert Hall.

3rd — **Racing.** Worcester & Hawthorn Hill Steeplechases.
Shows. Metropolitan and Essex Canine Show, Crystal Palace.
Badminton. Essex Championships, Southend-on-Sea.

4th — **Racing.** Thirsk.
Exhibitions. Brewers and Allied Trades Exhibition closes.

5th — Guy Fawkes Day.
Racing. Hurst Park and Thirsk Meetings.
Golf. Open Autumn Meeting, Hythe.
Rugby. Yorkshire v. Durham, Morley. Harlequins v. Bristol, Twickenham.
Hockey. Southgate v. Royal Engineers, Southgate. Richmond v. Old Kingstonians, Richmond. Blackheath v. R.N. & R.M. (Chatham), Blackheath. Wimbledon v. Oxford University, Wimbledon.
Assoc. Football. Qualifying Competition, 3rd Round, F.A. Amateur Cup. Qualifying Competition, 5th Round, Scottish F.A. Cup. Qualifying Competition, 3rd Round, Welsh Senior Cup.

7th — **Racing.** Lincoln & Wolverhampton Steeplechases.

8th — **Racing.** Lincoln & Wolverhampton Steeplechases.
Amateur Boxing. St. Pancras B.C., Prince of Wales Road Baths.

9th — Lord Mayor's Show, London.
Racing. Liverpool and Chelmsford Steeplechases.
Assoc. Football. Football League v. Scottish League, Manchester.

10th — **Racing.** Liverpool.
Shows. Ayrshire Cattle Show and Sale, Castle Douglas.

PUT DOWN IN YOUR NOTEBOOK THE EVENTS WHICH INTEREST YOU. AND, WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, PUT YOURSELF DOWN FOR A WORTHINGTON.

Cross-Roads Could be Made Safer

By

The Earl of Cardigan

Motor Racing in Mayfair

Mr. B. K. Moir, Sir Henry Birkin, Mr. Nigel Holder, and Capt. "Bill" Styran playing a new game, which consists of piloting racing cars round a figure-eight course at a break-neck speed of 11½ m.p.h. They are controlled by a bell-push, and are 3½ inches long. The game takes as much concentration as the real thing

No one, I suppose, will deny that during the last year or two considerable progress has been made in regulating motor traffic on a common-sense basis. A great step forward was made when it was decided that the motorist whose speed exceeded 20 m.p.h. was not necessarily a criminal, and that there was a moral, if not a legal, obligation upon vehicles emerging from side-roads to give way to the main-road traffic.

Much, however, remains to be done, and my own view is that accidents at cross-roads will never be eliminated until there is a definite legal presumption that, in all such accidents, the driver emerging from the side-road is the guilty party. This is the opinion privately held by nine practical, experienced motorists out of ten, and I see no reason why it should not be translated into law.

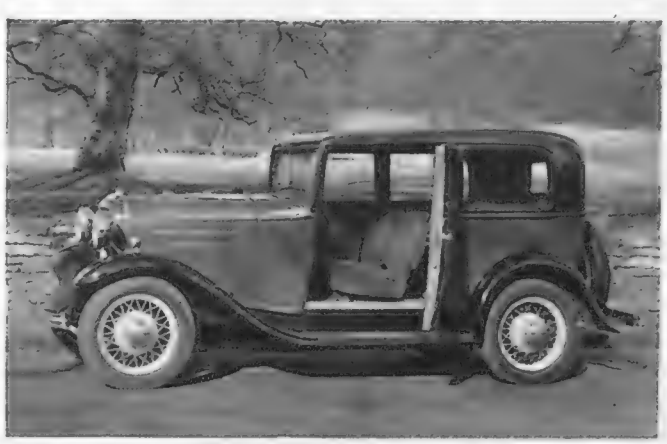
In some districts, but not all, this view is upheld by the local authorities, or whoever is responsible for the erection of warning road signs. "Approaching main road. Dead slow" is a notice occasionally seen, but this, unfortunately, is the exception rather than the rule. The vague and almost meaningless red triangle is far more common.

There is little good to be said of this device, so indiscriminately placed at every real or imaginary danger point. If one is driving down the Bath Road, one may see the red triangle giving warning of a farm-track. If one is pottering along a farm-track, one may see the red triangle giving warning of the Bath Road. To the erector of red triangles, it is obvious that a farm-track and a main road both present equal danger to the motorist at their point of intersection!

The folly of this lies not only in the fact that the degree of danger, in the one case, is underestimated, but also in that, in the other case, it is exaggerated. The main-road motorist, after he has slowed down a few dozen times at the behest of the red triangle and has found nothing more dangerous than a country lane entering the main road, naturally concludes that this sign is not to be taken very seriously. In future, he merely greets it with a touch of his horn, and goes ahead without more ado.

One day, of course, he comes to really dangerous cross-roads—as, for instance, where two roads of equal importance intersect. He sees the usual red triangle, treats it in the usual manner, and probably finds himself in a very tight place as the result. I have been "had" in this way once or twice myself, and have had to brake violently at the last moment in order to keep out of trouble. It is the same with danger-signs on hills. One often finds the notice "dangerous hill," and, after changing down into third gear and setting one's foot firmly on the brake, discovers that one has only a very moderate gradient to deal with. On the other hand, one of the most dangerous hills with which I am acquainted is provided with only one small warning sign, and that is placed at such an angle as to render it invisible! The result is that one may encounter a 1 in 5 gradient, terminating in a hairpin bend and having a very treacherous surface, at a considerable speed in top gear.

The moral, I suppose, is that the prudent motorist should not put his faith in road-signs. He should observe the various inscriptions intended for his guidance, but should rely chiefly upon his own good sense to warn him of the real dangers which are to be expected. After all, if one has a good pair of eyes and the ability to sum up, accurately and swiftly, the lie of the land, one does not really need to be told by means of a sign-board whether a certain hill is or is not sufficiently dangerous to require special caution.



Here is the new Ford 14.9-h.p. "Tudor" saloon, which has won praise from all who have driven it

Nevertheless, since road-signs exist, and are intended for our assistance, some uniformity among them should be attained. The most reliable signs are those erected by the motoring associations, which very seldom create a false impression. When an A.A. sign says "Very dangerous hill, proceed in low gear," one can assume with certainty that the hill really is a bad one, and that in second gear one will be both happier and safer.

No association or local body, however, has yet succeeded in supplying reliable road-signs at cross-roads. Even where the red triangle has been abandoned for more explicit warning, sufficient discrimination is practically never shown. I am thinking of two large, modern sign-boards which I frequently pass, both boldly marked: "Very dangerous crossing; dead slow; sound horn." In neither case is this quite appropriate.

In one case I see it when, on a side-road, I approach an important main road. Here the advice "dead slow" is excellent, but why "sound horn"? If I go dead slow, and can see 200 yards in one direction and 400 yards in the other, and if, as is intended, I give way to the main-road traffic—why should I use my horn?

In the other case I see it when, on a main road, I find a side-road from the left. I can see 100 yards up this side-road, although my view of the main road is not extensive. There is some element of danger here, and I sound my horn willingly. But why "dead slow"?

What is needed is for a practical motorist to be consulted whenever a road-sign is to be erected. Let him drive past the danger point, and observe what precautions he takes. Does he go "dead slow"; does he "sound horn"; does he merely "reduce speed"? Is the position "very dangerous," or does it merely call for "caution"? Let him answer these questions, and let the road-sign be worded accordingly.

A COVEY OF JAEGER COATS

If you're out after utterly blameless and convincing coatery, aim unflinchingly Jaegerwards and bring down any one of these dazzling charmers. The sketches only show the merest sprinkling of Jaeger's inspiriting new models. We've got them in all the liveliest new wools and tweeds, angelically demure or diabolically dashing — one and all with Jaeger's visionary cut and pluperfect to the last button. The big close-up shows one of those desperately chic, casual affairs that simply pulse with the modern spirit. Do observe the secretive collar lined with blandest broadtail and the rhythmic belt you tie with utter unconcern. In hordes of divine colours—priced with Jaegerful benevolence, **8½ gns.**

£7.17.6	£12.12.0	£9.9.0	£8.18.6	£8.18.6	£5.19.6	£7.17.6	£10.10.0	£12.12.0	£7.17.6	£6.6.0	£8.8.0

Prices above do not apply in Irish Free State.

JAEGER

- THE JAEGER HOUSE, 352/354, OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.1 (Mayfair 3144).
- 16, OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.
- 30, KING STREET, MANCHESTER.
- PARKER & CHURCH STREET CORNER, LIVERPOOL.
- 119, PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH.
- 16, BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW.

REMEMBRANCE DAY, NOV. 11—GIVE GENEROUSLY FOR YOUR POPPY.

THERE IS A JAEGER AGENT IN EVERY TOWN

Greyhound Racing: By "White Citizen"

On the evening of Friday, November 4—which is exactly two days after you will have read this, if, as I expect, you turn to the greyhound racing feature almost immediately when opening your BYSTANDER—there will be run at Harringay the Final of this year's *Daily Mirror* Trophy.

Having to write some time ahead, it is impossible to foretell which dogs will actually be concerned in this Final, but a few facts about the event may be of interest. Thirteen runners have been entered this year, as opposed to the sixteen which were entered last year, and they come from among the best tracks throughout the country—namely, Harringay, White City, Belle Vue, Wembley, Wimbledon, and Catford. Only three of last year's greyhounds will be reappearing. They are Golden Hammer, Curious Micky, and the famous Fret Not, who last year reached the Final of this event, finishing, however, only fifth. Since then Fret Not has improved considerably, and I am sure that I have no need to remind my readers that he recently won the St. Leger in the excellent time of 41·35 seconds. In last year's Final, Brunswick Bill beat his famous brother, Virile Bill, by half a length, and in so doing he established the record time of 41·24 seconds, which has not since been equalled on the North London track. It is very regrettable that both these great dogs have been prevented by illness from competing in the event this year.

It is interesting to note that another record was made on that eventful Final night (November 6 of last year), for over 25,000 people passed the turnstiles at Harringay. Although this year's entry is certainly smaller, it includes every famous starter in the country, and an exciting final, which should well repay a visit to Harringay, is assured.

"Sapper" at the Dogs

Col. C. McNeile ("Sapper"), standing centre, with a party watching greyhound racing at the White City Stadium from the Club Restaurant. Mrs. McNeile is on the right

THE *Daily Mirror* Trophy is a particularly interesting and popular event with the greyhound racing public, for it is run over 700 yards, a distance which rewards the gameness and the intelligence of racing greyhounds as opposed to mere speed only. A dog who has among its qualities marked grit and intelligence is always a favourite with the public, and as every finalist will have done well over this distance, these qualities must be existent in every one of the dogs which will be seen struggling for the Trophy on Friday night. There is nothing so interesting as watching clever dogs taking every chance which their less intelligent, but perhaps slightly faster, brethren may offer them at the bends, and making so much profit out of these chances that victory may be snatched even after the lead is lost. That was the secret of the immense popularity of Mick the Miller, and, to a lesser extent, is the secret of the popularity of Wild Woolley. I must say I do wish there were more races over this longer distance: they are such fun to watch. It is worth mentioning that the winner of the Trophy will receive the *Daily Mirror* Challenge Trophy and a replica valued at £50, presented by the *Daily Mirror*, and, as well as all this, £300 in cash. The second dog receives £100; the third £75, and the fourth £25.

POPE & BRADLEY

Quiet Rhythm

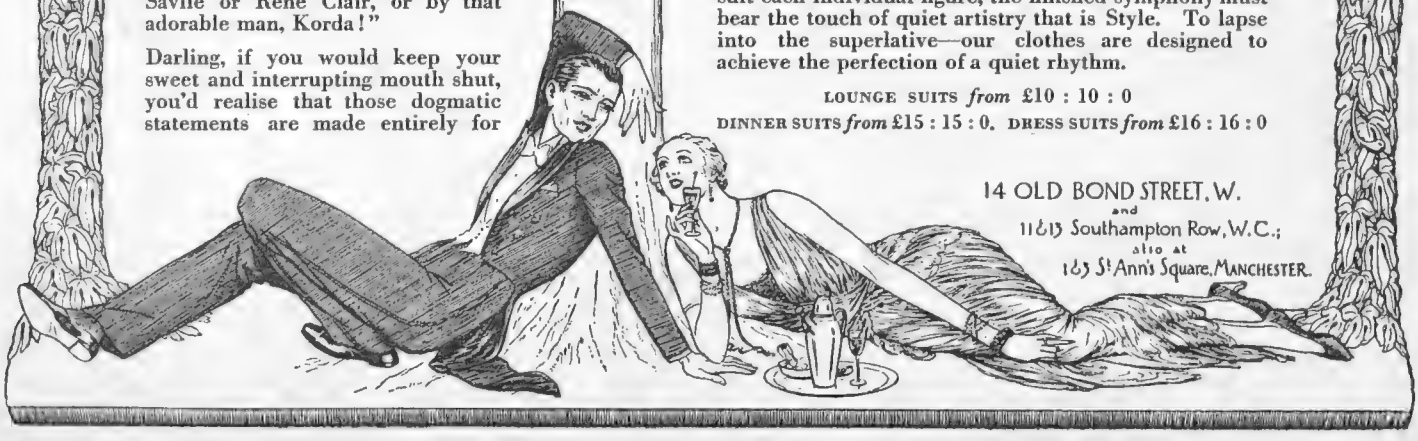
Stereotyped platinum blondes, mass-produced cars, film stories from the same moulds, ready-made suits. This is the age of mass-production, brought to a fine craft.

"Oh, per-lease; you can't say that about the pictures made by Victor Savile or Rene Clair, or by that adorable man, Korda!"

Darling, if you would keep your sweet and interrupting mouth shut, you'd realise that those dogmatic statements are made entirely for the benefit of emphasizing the exceptions. Like the car that is an architectural symphony of coach-built individuality. Or the stirring allure of a blonde who comes by her platinum and her eyelashes naturally, and whose mind and personality are as attractive as her physical features.

Or—can you guess?—the subtle individuality of a suit cut by artists, hand sewn by West End "log" craftsmen. An art which is more than a craft; because the type of customer we handle does not want to appear conspicuous in any way. If he is stout, we must eliminate his girth; to the short we add a few inches of height, or an expanse of chest to the man whose proportions are meagre. And, however much we vary our cut to suit each individual figure, the finished symphony must bear the touch of quiet artistry that is Style. To lapse into the superlative—our clothes are designed to achieve the perfection of a quiet rhythm.

LOUNGE SUITS *from* £10 : 10 : 0
DINNER SUITS *from* £15 : 15 : 0. DRESS SUITS *from* £16 : 16 : 0



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The Doggy World

An Interesting Year-Book : By Lady Kitty Ritson

I HAVE been reading with interest the Year-Book of the Irish Wolf-Hound, and it is extraordinary what a mine of information it is. One of the most interesting articles is by Warren Depuy, who lives in Montana, and who has taken up these dogs as wolf-hunters and has found them invaluable. He now hopes to enter the "sacred circle of huskies and malamutes" and to try his luck with the Irish hounds as sledge-dogs in some of the big races.

His wolf-hounds, while pedigree dogs, are chosen more for their pluck and hardiness than for show points, and I should imagine that they lead ideal lives, for they are not turned into pampered pets, but have to fight and hunt for their living. They might not be ideal for civilisation, but they are perfect for what is required of them out there.

BUT the Irish wolf-hound is also a great gentleman, and can be absolutely at home in a house, although I do think that it is essential that he should have country roads where he can get a good gallop. The essence of all good dog-keeping is that the animals shall be fighting-fit and well-muscled-up, and while small breeds can be exercised successfully in the parks of towns, the big breeds must have the amenities of the country.

There is a most interesting anecdote about a certain dog called Ch. O'Leary. At nine months old he got into a flock of lambs and ewes and brought a lamb in his mouth across the stream. His kennel-man thrashed him so severely that it upset his nerves, and, for ever afterwards, he would at times in the judging ring suffer from a shake almost like chorea, and he transmitted this to his puppies up to the third and fourth generation.

I repeat the story as it is told, but I am inclined to query whether a thrashing, however severe, could cause a dog to transmit "the shakes" to his puppies. There must, surely, have been some definite form of nerve weakness present, or else the kennel-man must have been too severe with the dog at other times.

Three Beauties from Wales

Prize-winning Welsh Corgis belonging to Miss Thelma Evans: Crymmych President, Rozavel Pat-a-Cake, and Taffy of Towy. This breed has recently been recognised by the Kennel Club

Beating a dog is always a moot point, whether it does good or harm. My old Ch. Alfred, an Alsatian, has had some good beatings in his younger days for fighting, and now he is a peaceable gentleman who lives and lets live. On the other hand, my Finnish spitz bitch, Finsie, does not seem to understand a beating. Of course, she never fights, but if she picks up something she shouldn't, I find that a beating distresses her, while if I "growl" at her, she drops it, and yet remains happy, instead of being rendered cowed.

THE longer you live with dogs, the sooner you realise that every dog must be treated differently. But, on the whole, I think that "spare the rod and spoil the child" applies equally to dogs, only the beating must never be given when your temper is hot. Count twenty first and ask yourself if you are honestly quite cool!

The Gentle Art of being Beautiful: By "Maquillage"

"PERFUMES—SWEET OR SUBTLE?"

Her Choice and Use of Scents is not only An Important Item in A Woman's Toilet but An Expression of her Personality.

PERHAPS perfumes do not, strictly, come within the category of products contributing to the business of being beautiful, but "charm is three-fifths of beauty," and most certainly a woman's native charm may be enhanced by the use of an appropriate and expressive perfume. No woman's toilet is complete without that finishing touch. The scent associated with her seems like the very essence of herself, and will be remembered even when the vision of her face and figure has faded, the tones of her voice, her witty or tender words forgotten. . . .

Even if we keep radiant and youthful complexions, and maintain mastery over recalcitrant contour, we cannot all be authentic "beauties," but every woman can be a gracious, soigné, charming personality, and by her choice and use of perfume she contributes to this desideratum.

IN all ages and in all climes women have realised the importance of perfumes as weapons in their armoury of attraction, and the essences and pomades they have used have been curiously revelatory of the temperament of their times and countries.

As befits this sophisticated and individualistic age, modern perfumes are more subtle and more distinctly differentiated than ever before. The simpler flower essences, lilac and lily-of-the-valley, violet, heliotrope, and lavender, so fashionable in the days of muslins, crinolines and easily abashed maidenhood, have given place to more exotic, more rare and expressive scents, poetically and provocatively-named by their creators.

THAT famous firm of Beauty Specialists, the Innoxa Company, have a wide range of exquisite and exclusive perfumes calculated to appeal to the taste and express the personalities of all their clients, no matter how temperamentally variegated they may be. These perfumes recommend themselves because they are essentially subtle and suggestive, and their fragrance is lasting and does not grow stale, while, since all the products of the English Innoxa Company are manufactured in this country, they escape duties and, therefore, can be bought much less expensively than Continental perfumes.

The Innoxa No. 33 has been called "Dream Garden" because it evokes the vision of a garden at night, when the ardent scents called forth by the sun have died away to a more persuasive sweetness which might have been distilled with dew and liquid moonbeams.

"Marguerite" (No. 44) is a light, distinctive scent which is not cloyingly sweet. "Narcissus" is a perfume which is popular with fastidious women, and the Innoxa version (No. 55) breathes Spring itself, while a more exotic perfume, redolent of the Orient and appropriate to the use of women whose type and personality call for more mysterious and pungent expression, has been aptly named "Inspiration."

The Innoxa No. 77 is "Gardenia" which has the fresh yet potent fragrance of the newly picked hot-house flower. The Spirit of the South, its blue seas and skies, mimosa, orange blossom and wild roses, is captured by No. 88, called "Fleurs des Bois."

THE way a woman uses her chosen perfume is again a personal and individual matter. The more exotic and expansive will prefer and can afford to be frankly parfumé: her characteristic scent will emanate from her furs and silks and linger in the rooms through which she has passed. Another type will be satisfied if only a suggestion of some subtle fragrance, scarcely perceptible, evokes the consciousness of her presence—or of her past! But woman, allied to her choice of perfumes, remains a source of interest and curiosity to the historian, the psychologist, the sentimentalist, and all who devote themselves to the analysis or the enhancement of feminine charm.

MAYFAIR INTRODUCES ITS OWN BEAUTY SOAP

by John Dew of Bond Street.

Yesterday, Milady had no soap equal in breeding to her gowns, shoes and perfume. To-day, John Dew of Mayfair is making a soap, costly, it is true, but enfolding a beauty secret for which Society would have been willing to barter its jewels.

The name, John Dew's Milk Soap, reveals the secret. In it lies all the loveliness that famous beauties of long ago found by bathing in milk. Its creamy lather is gentle as a caress to the most fragile complexion; its fragrance, delicate and evanescent, retreats before the individuality of one's chosen perfume.

* * *

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The Editor's Box

The Isle of Beauty

Corsica is at its best at the present time of year, and it is without doubt one of the most romantic and desirable places in Europe to spend a holiday. Although the island is quite unspoilt, the larger towns are well-provided with first-class hotel accommodation, whilst the P.L.M. Travel Service provides every facility for travelling and "sight-seeing." Ajaccio, the birthplace of Napoleon, is an excellent centre from which to see the island; a regular service of cars and coaches runs to Zouza Il Rusi, Bonifacio and other places of interest. Visitors should not miss these tours over the mountains and through the incomparable "Macqui."

The Corsicans are a delightful, romantic and lazy people, and although banditry and vendetta are still in practice on the island, they are extravagantly courteous and friendly towards visitors.

Perfection Pays

There are reputations that grow quietly, without haste or pause, so that, in retrospect, no one can say when the moment of perfection began to go round. Bechstein pianos, however, have had such a reputation from the beginning. Even to-day, with the world slump still booming, it is impossible to ignore that perfection pays, and that to pay less for an inferior article is not good economics. To buy the superlatively fine article is always to make a good investment. At 28, Brook Street, Bechsteins' can be seen in their glory, from the beautiful miniature pianos to the magnificent concert grands.

All entries for THE BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in the issue of* THE BYSTANDER *for the current week.* Coupons must be attached to the cards *and addressed to the Golf Editor of* THE BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, W.C.2. *The scratch score of the course must be clearly marked on each card, otherwise no responsibility can be accepted for errors.*

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CROQUETTES DE HUÎTRES

*

FILET DE BŒUF AUX CHAMPIGNONS

*

CHOUXFLEUR AU PARMESAN

*

MERINGUE DE POMMES

*

CAFÉ

Croquettes de Huîtres

BEARD two dozen large cooking oysters, drain and chop them, and mix in a basin with ½ lb. of breadcrumbs, 2 oz. of butter, two tablespoonsful of white sauce, pepper, cayenne, and a little lemon juice. Stir over a slow fire to get warm through, then spread on a plate to cool. Shape the mixture into small cork shapes, cover with egg and breadcrumbs, and fry in boiling fat. Drain well, garnish with fried parsley and cut lemon.

Filet de Bœuf aux Champignons

PUT some fillet of beef in rounds about an inch thick, and fry them quickly in a sauté-pan. Have ready some rounds of fried bread the same size as the fillets, place a fillet on each, then a well-cooked mushroom, and a small round of fat, fried crisp. Make a gravy in the pan in which the fillets have been cooked, pour round them and serve.

Chouxfleur au Parmesan

HALVE four very small white cauliflowers, cut off the stalks and stems, making them flat, so that they will stand nicely in the dish. Wash thoroughly and boil till tender, but not sufficiently so as to run any risk of breaking. Arrange them so as to make them look like one large cauliflower, and powder them thickly with grated Parmesan. Make a sauce with 1 oz. of butter, a little salt, half a teaspoonful of lemon-juice, the yolks of two eggs beaten to a cream, and two tablespoonsful of grated cheese. Mix well together, and stir over the fire; then pour over and around the cauliflowers.

Meringue de Pommes

PEEL, core and quarter some good cooking apples, sweeten them with brown sugar, and add a strip of lemon-peel. Stew till perfectly tender and of good colour—remembering that long cooking will produce this. Take them off the fire, add a small piece of butter, and, when cool, see that the flavouring is right. In the bottom of a glass or silver dish, put a layer of pounded macaroons, cover with the apple, and, just before serving, cover roughly with the stiffly beaten whites of two eggs, slightly sweetened. A little castor sugar, coloured with cochineal, dusted over the top will improve the appearance.

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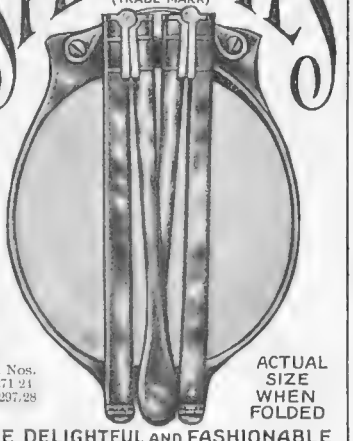

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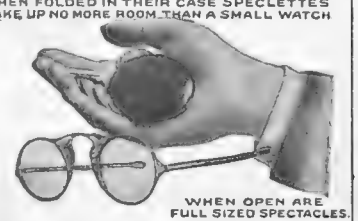

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2,166 families assisted to emigrate.
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Thousands of men placed in employment annually.
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1932 is a very difficult year for the men who served 1914-18, so PLEASE PAY VERY GENEROUSLY for your Poppy on REMEMBRANCE DAY—NOVEMBER 11th, and if possible, send a donation to Capt. W. G. Willcox, M.B.E., Organising Secretary, Earl Haig's (British Legion) Appeal Fund, 26, Eccleston Square, London, S.W.1.

Printed for the Proprietors, ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LIMITED, by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LIMITED, Milford Lane, Strand, London, W.C.2, and published weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LIMITED, at 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. November 2, 1932.
Entered as second class mail matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office. American Agents: International News Company, New York.
Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Limited.

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"GOOD-BYE, OLD MAN"

"GOOD-BYE, OLD MAN."

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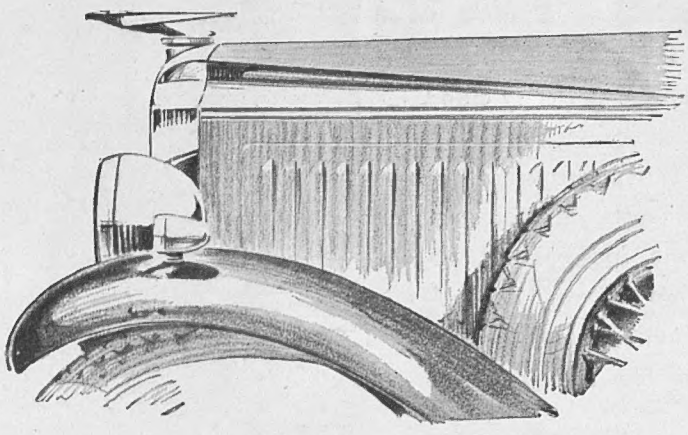

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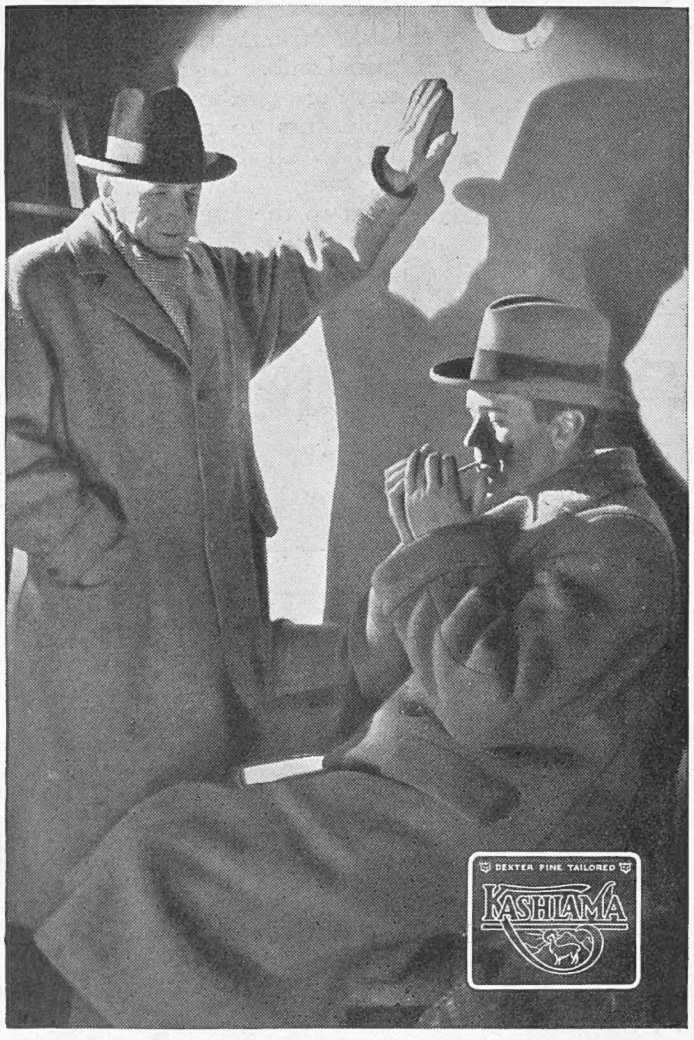

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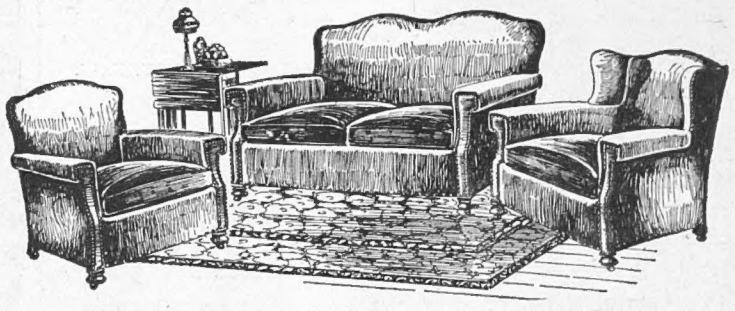

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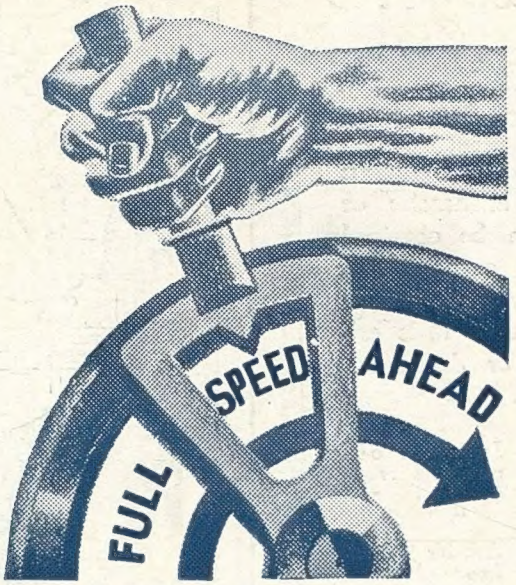

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